THE COSHOCTON AGE.

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THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

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THE REUNION

A Grand Success in Every Respect.

The Old Veterans Greeted by Sunny Skies, and a Generous People.

Patriotic Addresses by Loyal Sons of our Own County.

Complete Report of the First General Reunion of Coshocton County Soldiers.

The soldiers' re-union, for sometime advertised, has passed, and over the whole can be written in impressive manner the word success. Thursday was a day beautiful to behold and could not have been better for the occasion. The delightful and much needed rain of the day previous had laid the dust, freshened and revived drooping vegetation and put a more cheerful face upon nature, and fitted humanity for the festivities and enjoyment of the occasion.

At an early hour the people were astir, and our farmer friends and delegates from neighboring villages began to arrive. At ten thirty o'clock a procession formed at court house square and marched to the fair grounds in the following order:

Coshocton Band.
Co. F, 17th Regt. O. N. G
Newcomerstown Band.
Public Schools.
Keene Band.
Keene Soldiers and Sailors' Association.
New Moscow Band.
Old soldiers not member of any Association.
Plainfield Band.
Plainfield Post G. A. R.
Richard Lanning Post G. A. R.
Citizens in carriages and other conveyances.

Col. Pren Metham acted as Marshal of the Day.

After reaching the Fair Grounds the parade disbanded for dinner. Most of the visitors had brought their dinners with them and picniced in the halls and under the beautiful oaks. The bands and the militia boys were given their dinners by Richard Lanning Post, and the two hours dinner time was spent most pleasantly by all.

About half past one the meeting was called to order and the following eloquent address was delivered by W. S. Crowell Esq., President of the day:

LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND COMRADES:—It has been made my pleasant duty to preside over your proceedings to-day. I esteem it an honor to be called to preside over a meeting of the old soldiers of Coshocton county. Men delight to be the favorites of Emperors and Kings and bask in the smiles of royalty, but I had rather preside over this meeting of my old comrades in arms, than to be the titled favorite of the greatest prince or potentate the world has ever seen. For I know of no higher patent of nobility than that of the man who can say, "I am an American citizen." And no man can wear grander decoration or order of merit than the American citizen who is rightfully entitled to wear the bronze medal of the Grand Army of the Republic. The citizen soldiery of the American Republic were never excelled by the armies of any nation on earth—for patriotism, for intelligence, for valor, for endurance and for noble daring.

They volunteered for their country's defense, they took their lives in their hands and offered them a ransom for the life of their country, they solemnly vowed that they would die for their country if need be—but they would never, never live to see that country die. Actuated by such motives and such resolutions your efforts aided to bring the most gigantic war of modern times to a successful issue, and when the war was over every state was represented by a star on the azure field of our country's flag—not one star the less—the armed cohorts of treason had failed to blot out a single star—your efforts conquered peace. Blessed peace and bounteous plenty smiles again throughout the Union. How fitting then that you should meet and renew the associations and the friendships of twenty years ago.

How proper, then, this first re-union of the old soldiers of Coshocton county, how worthy the sentiment that brings us together. Yet we are not all here, many a gallant comrade we recall who laid down his life for his country, and fell from the ranks at our side amidst the hell of battle. Absent are they, did I say? No! We feel their presence around and about as we gather here to-day. As to them, we say they are not dead while memory lasts they are ever present with us. Of them we think with the poet,

"There is no death—
What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal men call death."

And through that portal to the life elysian those dear absent comrades have simply gone before, and there I hope each old comrade present here to-day will some day join them again, where each shall see the others eye to eye, and all shall be again united in one glorious everlasting reunion.

After prayer by Rev Trichler, Grand Army Chaplain, the Newcomerstown Band rendered patriotic music. Capt. R. M. Voorhees was introduced, and, delivered an able address of welcome, which will be found in full on page 3. On the completion of Capt. Voorhes' address the G. A. R. choir stepped in front of the grand stand and sang "Marching Through Georgia," with thrilling effect. The Keene Band was then called and discoursed sweet music, after which Hon. E. L. Lybarger, on behalf of the old soldiers, responded to the address of welcome, as follows:

LADIES, FELLOW CITIZENS AND COMRADES:—My time has been so occupied for the last ten days that I could not gather sufficient data to enable me to give you a detailed and correct account of Coshocton county's record and history in all the wars since the Revolutionary; however, I know that seventy years ago, when our country was involved in a war with England, that Coshocton county was lacking in neither patriotism nor courage. Several companies were recruited and organized in this county, and some of our ancestors marched from this very town to protect our homes from British invasion upon the one hand, and their families from the scalping knife of the savage Indians upon the other. In the Mexican war the county was represented in many of the battles, marches, and sieges of that memorable struggle which added to our domain those mineral Eldoradoes of the Pacific. In 1861 when the government was writhing in the folds of a gigantic rebellion, when the flag of freedom and of our country had been stricken from the walls of Sumpter and a Banner with a strange device run up in its stead, when the æolian harp of the Nation gave forth plaintive sounds, when the tocsin of war was sounded and a call for soldiers made, impelled by a lofty patriotism and moved by common impulse, Coshocton county's best and bravest broke the ties of friendship, sundered the bonds of affection, abandoned all the comforts and endearments of home, and hurried to the recruiting station or the camp of rendezvous to take the oath to support and defend their country. The noblest and highest oath that man can take. It finds a home in his heart, stirs his soul with noble purposes, fills him with pride for the land that he loves, makes his hand strong and his heart brave, leads him through dangers and daring to follow his country's flag with the pride that only a soldier can know, and the devotion that none but a soldier can feel.

And now that the battles have all been fought, the victories won, and peace restored, the survivors of these wars, whether citizens by adoption or to the manor born, have been invited to participate in a grand reunion here to-day. To that invitation a goodly number have responded. Most fitly indeed have we gathered for these memorial hours in this delightful place; almost in sight of the placid waters of the Muskingum, the historic Tuscarawas and the beautiful Walhonding, to renew the ties of friendship born in camp, on the march and in battle. Aside from the love and affection that exist in the family, there is no attachment so strong, so endearing and so lasting as that which exists between soldiers and comrades who have shared dangers and endured hardships together. There is no place like the army for moulding sentiment and cementing hearts. The memory of our army days that are past and gone need no orator's help on such occasions as this to awaken our deepest emotions. We may not have belonged to the same battalion, we may not have tented upon the same field, we may not have fought together on the same line or "drunk from the same canteen," but nevertheless we rejoice in the same achievements, we glory in the same triumphs, we honor the same names and weep over the same graves; consequently we have this day turned aside from our present pursuits and assembled not in war-like attitude but in peaceful mein, to bind with new ties of friendship the bandles of army memories, to renew our pledges, and gather inspiration for ourselves and our children. We gather with ranks broken, men and officers mingling without regard to rank, company or regiment, and are struck with the fact that in no other land have these reunions such freedom, such frequency or force. Richest, most precious in these reunions are personal interchanges of experience and incident; and most reluctantly do I to-day occupy your time with words of formal address. I should have preferred to listen, but since it a part of the program that I am to speak for a short time (and I promise that my remarks shall not be lengthy) allow your minds to travel back with me twenty-two years, and let us contrast the national situation of 1883 with that of 1861. Twenty-two years are a small space in the ever widening arch of time, yet in that brief interlude of our country's history, what a wonderful change has been wrought. Then the dark clouds of terrible war were gathering thickly over our national horizon and no intelligence less than divine could foretell when their mighty blackness would be dispelled. To-day our political heavens are clear, calm and serene. Then two mighty armies were being marshaled in battle array along the borders of the slave States, thirsting for each others blood—to-day the soldiers who composed these two armies, comprise a portion of the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants, the manufacturers, and the artificers who are building up and increasing the wealth and prosperity of our country by their peaceful pursuits instead of destroying life and shedding blood in fraternal strife. Then four millions of human beings in bondage were laboring without reward and without hope for the future. To day they enjoy all those inalienable rights and privileges which the God of nature designed for all his rational offsprings. Then the crowned heads of Europe and the Monarchists of the Old World were laughing at our discomfiture, glorying in misfortunes, and prognosticating the collapse of all Republican forms of government. To-day they are trembling for their own heads and their crowns, whilst Columbia has not only ridden out the great storm of secession and rebellion, but is rapidly advancing to that eminence of national greatness beyond which national greatness cannot extended. Then you came to Coshocton to listen to the patriotic voice of a Nicholas, a Given, a Williams, an Irvine, of my friend Captain Voorhes, who has so eloquently addressed you to-day, and of other patriotic and distinguished citizens, whilst they portrayed the great crime of rebellion and secession, and recounted the many evils that must necessarily follow in the wake of disunion, urging you with convincing logic to buckle on your armor, take up the sinews of war, and march to battle and if possible stay the threatening danger that stared us in the face. To-day you come to share in the joys and participate in the pleasures of a reunion under the protection of a new Union, which your patriotism and your valor contributed towards, making "One and inseparable forever!"

"But we are not all here—
Some are away, the dead ones dear."

No roll call is needed to remind us that all who went out with us are not here to-day.

The reason of their absence best, tells the tale of the terrible sacrifice they made on the alter of their country, the great sorrow depicted on the countenances of their loving wives, but disconsolate widows, and the deep furrows that may be seen distinctly traced in the faces of their affectionate mothers best attest the mighty anguish and suffering their untimely death produced.

Visions of scenes in which they mingled pass before us. Each recalls fallen comrades, each company and regiment its dead; the records tell when they perished as sacrifices for country and freedom, and where buried in haste of war, so far from home, without stone or slab to mark their resting place.

To-day as we bow in sorrow for those who were stricken down in prison or in hospital, and tell to each other the stories of their valor, and remember the bitter tear shed for them by the bereaved ones at home, who sent them forth with their "God speed" to receive them here no more for ever, we are painfully reminded

"In what a forge and what a heat,
The anchors of our hopes were saved."

Nevertheless we draw consolation from the fact that they did not die in vain.

The result of the loss and the fruit of the victories are that we still have a country. Against this we measure every evil with the net result of good. The vivid, flashing picture has been recalled to-day, until the village and the woodland and what took place between with every fort and road and line of troops, and column of attack, are visible, all their lines in gold instead of in black, because *we have* a country, other and larger fields even the vast field of war, and the dead of the whole country, all these fields are visible, and glisten with victory shining through from the immeasureable back ground and the tears are made a bow of promise" spanning all with the Grand Legend of our country. You can recall this love of country, as it answered to the calls of 1861. But I am not here to ferret out its roots in the philosophy of man, because it no more need analysis to you than right and wrong require to be justified in theory to strong and honest hearts. The country called; men came; the country lives; it is enough! The legend of the land is liberty and union. God had vouchsafed to us to be a family of States, enjoying one land, the home of a great people. Many blessings were ours, any one of which some nations in time past would have been glad to have purchased with blood and tears and treasures. The peace and strength that comes from union kept them all in the calm ways of law. The sword was taken in resistance to the law to destroy the Union. The causes that took it perished in obedience to the law. The evils that it did live after it, but without it, consequently there is no further trial for the country, but its own capacity for freedom. It has heretofore met whatever call this has made. The memories of 1861 will prove to be henceforth a store house inexhaustible of patriotic feeling. The war has certified the Union with a seal as broad as late. The blessings of the Union are the purchase of the war. The war has vindicated liberty as well. So has the war destroyed the causes of the war. But had we of the free North refused to accept war, when there was no alternative, when it was patent to all that there could be no peace except in war, we would to-day be mourning over the broken fragments of a once happy country, and, perchance, singing requiems at the grave of departed liberty, instead of enjoying the blessings of civil and religious liberty under the protection of the freest, the grandest and most glorious government on God's green earth."

"Soldiers of Coshocton county, I congratulate you upon the part you took in the late war, and in all previous wars. I congratulate you who are here, also, upon your survival of the great battles of life since you quit the military service of your country. I congratulate you, moreover, upon the well earned distinction which is yours as brave soldiers of a grand army, who fought for a just and glorious cause. The proudest distinction a citizen can boast is that he defended his country in time of danger, and assisted in perpetuating the institutions of a government that secures to us all, constitutional liberty and protects the life and property of the humblest citizen. You have performed such service, you have earned the distinction and are entitled to "a legion of honor," as well as the gratitude of your countrymen. The echo of the first gun at Fort Sumpter called Coshocton's first company into the field, and from that day until at the surrender of Lee and Johnston, you witnessed the expiring breath of a dying and deficient rebellion. Her gallant sons were seen marching and fighting under the stars and stripes, the old flag of our fathers. They were at the battles of Rich Mountain, Bull Run, Mill Springs, Perryville, Chickamauga, Resacca, Atlanta, Franklin, Fredericksburgh, Chancellorsville, Pittsburgh Landing, Donaldson, South Mountain, Anteitam, Winchester, Cedar Creek, Champion Hills, Chicasaw Bayou, Raymond, Port Gibson, Vicksburg, Look Out Mountain, Mission Ridge, Iuka, Corinth, Gettysburg, the battles of the Wilderness and Appomattox.

They rode and marched through the valley of the Shenandoah with Milroy Hunter, and gallant Phil Sheridan. At Fredericksburg under Burnsides, they faced the deadly assaults of the flower of the rebel army, led by Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Under Buell they ran races with the forces of Brag through Kentucky and Tennessee. They stood by the side of Robinette at Corinth and enjoyed the victories of Rosecrans. They followed Grant in his marches around Vicksburg, and participated in all the battles of that memorable campaign. They fought with Hooker above the clouds at Loo out Mountain, and marched with Sherman to the sea. In short, Coshocton county was represented in all the great battles of the war. Her soldiers were always present where duty called and danger threatened, and have by their patriotism and their courage made a history and a record which they can always remember with pleasure and cherish with pride. It is a history and a glory that belong to you and to your children, and the children of your dead comrades, whose blood was shed with such reckless prodigality on the many fields I have mentioned, and whose bones now lie buried beside the waters of the Potomac and the Mississippi, in the plains and on the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia; and on the hills and in the valleys of Virginia. Besides, with what feelings of gratitude and pleasure may you contemplate the fact that you were not the unwilling and pressed soldiers of some tyrannical despot, or the hirelings of any king, potentate, or the blind, ignorant followers of some ambitious and bloody conqueror who sought to enslave a nation that he might aggrandize himself. We were all kings in our own right, and fought for ourselves, for constitutional liberty, and the inalienable rights of man. The soldiers of few nations, if any, can say so much, for most all wars, from the siege of ancient Troy to the present time, have been fought to maintain an aristocracy and oppress humanity; and such as have not have usually ended in devastation and the wildest anarchy. The wars of Alexander were waged for conquest, military glory and renoun. Cæsar led his deluded followers to and across the Rubicon to extend the Roman Empire to the end that he might have dominion over all. Hannibl, who for seventeen years devastated the Roman States, and sisipped three bushels of gold rings from slaughtered Knights in one battle, was superstitiously obeying the oath his father compelled him to take when a child "never to be friendly with the Romans." Napoleon the I, that great disturber of the peace of the world, but baffled aspirant for power, was actuated by no patriotic motives. His wars were waged for the purpose of robbing the States of Continental Europe of domain that he might place relatives on thrones and make them subsidary to himself. Other wars have been fought to establish the title of claimants to thrones and empires which they were incapable of filling; and still others for the propagation and establishment of some peculiar religion.

The history of the late rebellion furnishes the only dark stain on the annals of our country; but in that contest we were right and our enemies were wrong. We were right for we fought for the maintainance of the Union, the main prop of that liberty which is the proud, peculiar boast of every American citizen. They fought to disrupt and destroy it. We followed the old flag and marched to battle under the stars and stripes. They followed a strange banner and would have trailed ours in the dust. It was a fearful struggle, where "Greek met Greek." We conquered, secession succumbed, slavery died, and the equality of all men before the law was firmly and irrevocably established. But never before in the history of the world did a "lost cause" gain so much by defeat. We were victorious, but the South shared most largely in the fruits of the victory. They obtained far more by defeat than they could possibly have done by success. They got rid of the withering, blighting curse of slavery, as well as the arrogance which the relations of master and slave induces. The four years of our "unpleasantness" gave them such an acquaintance with the people of the North as to change their contempt for us into respect. The moral and material progress they have made since the war has placed them on a higher plane, and to-day they acquiesce, if they do not actually rejoice, in the result that brought about such a glorious change in their political situation. Consequently there is no longer any reason why the same friendly relations should not exist between the two sections as before the war. As long as they fought us we were enemies, but as soon as they ceased and surrendered we were friends. They are my countrymen and your countrymen. We are one people and the same people, have the same origin and the same destiny, and are entitled to the same rights and privileges under the constitution, and I am persuaded that if there are those who would at this late day try to thwart the efforts being made by both North and South for complete reconciliation, they belong to that class known as "belligerant non-combatants who are always invincible in time of peace but invisible in time of war." The soldier who has seen service knows how to appreciate peace and there are few, we apprehend, so dull of comprehension as not to understand that there can be no peace whilst one section of the country is hostile to the other. However, I hope no sickly sentimentality will ever prevent you from holding your re-unions, celebrating your victories and honoring your dead. I know I have talked long enough for this is no place for lengthy papers or long winded speeches but I should do injustice to you, the occasion and to myself should I neglect to say to these ladies who have cheered us with their presence, that the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic will hold in everlasting remembrance the loyal women of the North. If they were disqualified by nature to carry the knapsack, shoulder the musket and endure the fatigues and hardships common to war, their loyal hearts kept their hands busy at noble and patriotic work. Tokens of their love, of their sympathy and of their patriotism were to be seen on every battle-field, and to be found in every hospital in the land. As between the loyal women and the soldier of the Republic the account is square. He owes as much to her for the aid, comfort and assistance she rendered in her humble way, as she does to him for the hardships he endured, and the dangers he incurred, during all the years of the war.

I thank you for your attention and consideration.

At the close of Mr. Lybarger's remarks the choir assisted by Mr. C. H. Glover, sang "America." On the invitation of the President all bands present united in one grand outburst of music. The exercises of the day concluded by an exhibition drill by Co. F. 17th Regiment, O. N. G., after which all left for their homes.

All the bands present united and led the militia company and Richard Lannning Post to their respective halls where they disbanded.

This is the first general re-union ever held in the county and the success which attended it attests the fact that they should be cultivated in the future. We believe the general desire of the people is that next year, and every year thereafter, so long as there may be survivors of that terrible war, there may be a re-union. The advantages gained in the way of more firmly sealing the bonds of friendship that were first formed on the field of battle, and of instilling in the minds of the rising generation a spirit of patriotism are great, and should be continued.

Probate Court.

The last will of Henry Ralm, deceased, was admitted to probate and ordered to be recorded.

The last will of Sarah Preston, deceased, was admitted to probate and ordered to be recorded. Bernard Preston, the executor named in the will, was appointed by the court. Bond $3,000.

Marriage licenses were issued to Josiah W. Fry and Mary E. Levengood, William J. McKelvey and Charlotte Sheldon, Willard L. McKee and Allie Chalfant, Thomas Snow and Susan Hagelbarger, Lorenz Strausser and Ella Lenhart, Michael M. Croskey and Barbara A. Stanshner, Chas. E. Miller and Hattie Fitch, John R. Shroyer and Louise Lapp, Charles L. Peacock and Anna E. Davis, McKowell Smith and Ellen M. Davis.

Clerk's Office.

NEW CASES.

Joseph Horner & Co. vs Henry T. Wolfe. Amount claimed $196.89, with interest.

Wm. Kronapel vs Wm. Hughes et al. Suit for foreclosure and correction of mortgage.

James Richeson vs William Milligan; suit for damages; amount claimed $3,500.

Andrew C. Ellis, a minor, by Lawrence Miller, his guardian, vs John Chubb and John E. Ling; suit in partition.

Mary A. Shannon vs Joseph Finley, administrator. Agreement to arbitrate.

John Shannon vs Joseph Finley, administrator. Agreement to arbitrate.

MRS. E. T. SPANGLER has returned home again, the differences between herself and husband having been fully and amicably adjusted on the basis of a reconciliation.

Transfers of Real Estate.

John J. Croft to Christian C. Fisher, 3 acres in Crawford township, for $1,488.

Seldon McCormick et. al to Geo. C. Ferrel, part of lot 3 in White Eyes township, for $245.

John P. Benjamin to George C. Ferrel, part of lot 3 in White Eyes township, for $100.

George Clemens to Fillmore Burgess, lot 46 in Linton township, for $100.

Archibald McNeal to W. H. McNeal, 39 acres in Clark township, for $3,200.

Robert H. Cochran to E. O Selby, lot 9 in D. L. Triplett's sub-division in Coshocton, for $2,000.

Edgar O. Selby to John Hogle, lot 9, in Triplett's sub-division in Coshocton, for $2,000.

Henry Heck to Almira Frederick, 41 acres in Bethlehem township, for $2,600.

Wm. Hawk et. al to Susan Bowen, lot in Bakersville, for $80.

Joseph A. Miser to Susan Bowen, lot in Bakersville, for $75.

Henry Carnel Sr. to W. A. McMechan, lot 33 in Warsaw, for $205.

Fees and Compensation of County Officers.

Auditor Cassingham last week sent to the Auditor of State, as required by law, a statement of the fees and compensation of the county officers of this county, for the year ending the first Monday of September, 1883:

Recorder—Total for the incumbent, $945.47; amount received due to predecessor, $395.13; amount paid clerks, $85; net compensation for the year, $1,255.60.

Sheriff—Total for incumbent, $2,541.32; amount paid deputies, $750; net compensation, $1,791.32.

Clerk of Court—Total for incumbent, $1,643.32; amount paid deputy, $30; net compensation, $1,613.32.

Prosecuting Attorney—Net compensation for the year, $781.77.

Probate Judge—Total for the year, $1,889.39, amount paid deputies, $300; net compensation for the year, $1,589.39.

Treasurer—Net compensation for the year, $1,970.90.

Auditor—Total for incumbent, $1,801.12; clerk hire, $400; net compensation for the year, $1,401.12.

Commissioners—Wm. Berry, $938.90; C. Lorenz, $643.70; J. C. Mc Bane, for three months, $295.65, V. Ferguson, for nine months, $197.

BERKOWITZ has the best and cheapest Clothing in Coshocton.

MR. E. O. SELBY, of the firm of Selby, Moore & Caton, left Friday for New York, to buy new fall and winter goods. Mr. Selby's reputation as a buyer justifies us in predicting a handsome display when he returns.

DR. O. C. FARQUHAR will meet his patients at the McDonald House Friday and Saturday, September 28 and 29.

BERKOWITZ sells the Pearl Shirt and a handsome line of fancy Shirts.

THURSDAY evening, September 13, the members of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society at Blooming Grove, held a mite society at Mr. P. S. Maston's, at which there were about 50 persons present. The meeting was opened by reading a scripture lesson followed by song and prayer, all being very appropriate for the occasion. A very liberal collection was received in behalf of the Missionary cause. Refreshments were served and the remainder of the evening spent in singing and a social conversation which all seemed to enjoy.

TO-NIGHT (Friday) that good old historical play, that never fails to please both old and young, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," will be produced at the Opera House by the celebrated Draper Company. This Company is the best on the road, and in addition to new scenery and other paraphernalia calculated to make the rendition impressive, have such a scale of prices as to induce all to attend.

Temperance Rally at Mohawk.

The citizens of Mohawk Village and vicinity have completed arrangements for the grandest temperance mass meeting of the season, on Friday, October 5, at which time they will be addressed by ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, the most famous temperance orator of the day, and Mr. Lou J. Beauchamp, who is called the Gough of the West. Remember the date.

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP is to have a brass band at Chalfant's School House.

BERKOWITZ has the largest stock of Boys' and Childrens' Suits and Overcoats at the lowest prices.

MRS. RANEY, daughter of Mr. E. Taylor, of Virginia township, has returned to her home at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

SUNDAY next Rev. Conkle at Grace M. E. Church will receive into full membership all the probationers who have not been heretofore received.

BERKOWITZ sells the nicest Suits and Overcoats in town.

REV. MCCULLOUGH, of West Bedford, delivered an address at the school house at Wakatomika, which was convincing and interesting. Subject, "Second Proposition."

Married.

Sept. 19, 1883, by Rev. Conkle at his residence, Mr. Charles L. Peacock and Miss Anna E. Davis, both of Coshocton.

Mr. and Mrs. Peacock left on the morning train Wednesday for Cincinnati where they will remain during the remainder of the week enjoying the scenes of the Queen City and the exposition.

BERKOWITZ has the nobbiest Suits and Overcoats that have ever been shown in Coshocton. Don't fail to see his stock which is now all in.

FREE.

Dr. J. Anderson & Son cover School Books free and sell as cheap as the cheapest. sep8-4t

Visit Hay & Ransom's grand opening days on Thursday, Friday & Saturday, Oct. 4, 5, & 6.
Sept., 22, 2t

EVERYTHING

Wanted in the school-room sold by Dr. J. Anderson & Son. sep8-4t

SEE, SEE, SEE.

Hay & Ransom's grand opening of fall & Winter goods on Thursday, Friday & Saturday. Oct 4 5, & 6. Sept. 22, 2t

BERKOWITZ sells the finest Hats and Furnishing Goods for the least money.

SEE those new Ladies' and Children's Coats at Selby, Moore & Caton's.

It was a treat to see Hay & Ransom's grand opening last spring. Fail not to visit their store on Thursday, Friday & Saturday, Oct 4, 5, & 6, and see their Fall & Winter opening. Sept. 22 2t

WHOLESALE

And retail School Book Dealers. Dr. J. Anderson & Son. sep8-4t

We want every lady in Coshocton Co. to visit our store on Thursday, Friday & Saturday Oct. 4, 5, & 6, and see what a nice display of Fall and Winter goods we have for them.

Hay & Ransom.
2t.

NEW Fall Goods at Selby, Moore & Caton's.

BERKOWITZ has the largest stock of Clothing in the city.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE® NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

We Met at Toulon.

THE ROMANCE OF A VOYAGE.

It was at Toulon railway station. Why I was there, or where I was going, I don't exactly remember, so much having happened since, and I, at the time, having no reason to go to one place more than to another.

The express train from Paris had just come in.

She was standing a little aside, just out of the crowd and bustle, looking on, scanning every face as it passed and repassed, mine among others, and, as I fancied, with more interest than others. Her face was very pale, and her eyes were anxious, but she looked calm and self possessed.

By-and-by I saw her speak to an elderly woman who stood near. She received, I fancied, a hurried, not over-courteous answer, for I saw a flush rise to her face as she turned away.

By this time the platform was almost clear. Such passengers as were going on had departed to refresh themselves; others had gone to their resting-places. The railway officials began to regard this solitary figure curiously.

Raising my hat, speaking to her in French, I ventured to ask if I could be in any way of any service to her.

A shade of perplexity or disappointment crossed her face when I thus addressed her.

She answered, in better French than mine:

"I was to have been met here, but I see nobody. I am disappointed. I must wait here."

Again lifting my hat, I left her, but only to pace the platform and think about her.

As the minutes passed by, I thought she looked paler and paler. At last, as I approached her nearer than in my other turns, she came a few steps toward me."

"Will you be so kind--" she began, in English; then correcting herself she spoke French.

I smiled.

"I am English, as you are."

"O, I am so glad!" she said, quite childishly. Then she added: "Will you tell me what to do? I am come direct from London. I am going to my brother, who is ill in Rome. Some one was to have met me at Toulon, and I know nothing about the route beyond this."

"Were you to go by land?"

"Yes; my brother forbade me to travel by water. Sea-traveling half killed him, and he won't let me try it."

"Well, if you wanted to go by land, and quickly, you ought to have gone by Chambery, across Mount Cenis, by Susa, Turin, Milan--"

She turned so pale that I paused. She looked about for some resting-place. I gave her my arm, led her to the waiting-room, got her a glass of water and a cup of coffee, begging her to drink the latter.

She obeyed me, and as soon as she could speak, it was:

"You will tell me what to do now? My brother is very ill, perhaps dying. Will it be best to go back to—to the place you spoke of, or, as I am here, to push on by this route? Which way is the quicker?"

"Where is your luggage? The train starts for Nice in five minutes. Perhaps it were better to push on by this route, now that you are here."

She rose directly.

"I have no luggage but what is in that bag," pointing to one I had taken from her when I gave her my arm. "I left London at an hour's notice, in consequence of a telegram. Are you going any further by this route?"

"Yes."

"Would you kindly, while you are traveling the next stage, write me down directions?"

"Certainly."

The ladies' carriage into which I looked was full, so I handed her into another, and got in myself; and as that small hand rested in mine, a curiously strong conviction entered my mind and rested there.

I seated myself opposite to her, and having said, "We shall have plenty of time to talk it over before we get to Nice," I feigned to be fully occupied with route-books and maps, in order to give her time to recover herself.

She did not speak to me; she turned her face to the window. I thought she was interested in the fascinatingly romantic scenes past which we were flying.

By-and-by a gentle, stealthy movement of hers, a little hand slipped into her pocket, and then her handkerchief lifted to her face assured me she was crying.

I am always afraid of a woman who is crying. A man is a brute who can speak a harsh word to a weeping woman, and a kind one often changes a mild trickling of the salt waters to a deluge; so I left her alone.

She kept her hand, and her handkerchief in it, and her face turned toward the window as much as possible. I began to hope she would fall asleep. I believe I myself did fall asleep for a few moments. By-and-by I was roused by the falling of a book from my hand. When I opened my eyes I found my opposite neighbor's fixed upon me with a look of waiting for the opportunity of addressing me. She had left off crying then, but she was looking very wan and ill.

She had her purse open in her hand.

"Shall I have money enough?" she asked me, holding it toward me, when I gave signs of being fully awake.

I took the little, poorly-furnished purse in my hand.

"O, yes, if you don't get cheated; and, as I am going to Rome by this route, I will see to that, if you will allow me."

"You are going to Rome?"

Such a light in the eyes and such a pretty, translucent flush over the delicate face!

"Yes."

It was the state of her purse that had finally decided me.

She put the purse I returned to her back in her bag. After that, and when I pretended to be looking in another direction, I saw her small hands folded together, and was confident that her lips formed the words, "Thank God." Somehow I was more touched than I could have told reason for by this.

Two old ladies and old gentleman were nodding in the other compartment of the carriage.

For a long time I did not stir hand or foot, or look at my neighbor, hoping that, her mind more at ease, she might catch the infection of their drowsiness. She did. When I did venture to look at her she was asleep. Her hat lay on her knee; her head was leaned back in the angle of the cushions. The light of the carriage-lamp—it had grown dusk now—slanted down from the bright hair, threw a shadow of long lashes on the pale cheek, fell on the pretty, round white throat; but it did not look easeful sleep—the mouth retained lines of anxiety and depression.

Contemplating the graceful little figure before me, I fell into musing as to who she was. From a ticket affixed to her little bag, I discovered that her name was not unfamiliar to me, and yet the familiarity of it carried me far back into the past.

"Hawtree!" I kept repeating. I questioned and perplexed myself to no purpose; but, by-and-by, when I had given up, or imagined that I had, thinking about the matter, it all came to me.

Hawtree was the name of an old drawingmaster of mine; Hawtree was the name of a young schoolfellow of mine; Hawtree was a name that for two or three years I had seen in the Royal Academy's catalogue as a painter of pictures which had struck my fancy --mostly scenes in the country round Rome, cattle and peasants of the Campagna.

For the sake of the name as much as for the pictures themselves, I had purchased some two or three, wondering if that young artist Hawtree was my young schoolfellow Hawtree.

I now determined that the two should certainly be one, and that one the brother of my little companion, who must as certainly be the "Sister Ruth" of whom he had often talked—a baby girl then, and the object of his almost idolatrous affection.

While she slept, I furbished up my memory as to all matters regarding the two Hawtrees—father and son; and at length I was anxious the tired little sleeper should awake, quite resolved that Frank Hawtree, her brother, was my very dear friend.

My charge—so I now regarded Ruth Hawtree—moaned in her sleep in a faint, distressful sort of way.

I bent toward her. We were stopping at a station. She roused herself.

"Could you get me a glass of water?" she asked. "I am so sorry to give you trouble."

"You feel ill—faint? I'll be back directly." I sprang out. I brought her a glass of water, into which I had put a little cognac. "You needn't be afraid—it's not too strong; it will do you good. I'm a sort of a doctor."

She took it with a grateful, confiding look, and drank it.

"You are better now?" I said, as I jumped into the carriage.

"O, yes, thank you! I had been dreaming painfully of Frank, my brother."

"I have made a very pleasant discovery while you were asleep, Miss Hawtree," I said, pointing to the ticket on her bag. "This is your name?"

"Yes."

"It is a well-known name to me. A favorite schoolfellow of mine was called Frank Hawtree; a favorite artist of mine, whose works I have greatly admired, is called Frank Hawtree, don't tell me you are not the 'little sister Ruth' he used to talk about."

"I am only too glad and proud to tell you that I am."

"You don't ask who I am, or seem surprised at my discovery."

"No," she answered, slightly smiling; "I knew before."

"Knew me?"

"Yes; Frank used to talk to me about you enough to make me remember the name very well; and while you were walking up and down the platform at Toulon I read your name upon your luggage."

"But how did you come to associate the luggage with its rightful owner? I did not go near it."

"By instinct, I suppose, partly, and partly because Frank once tried to paint a likeness of you from memory, and you are still enough like his picture to have made me notice your face before I noticed the name on the luggage."

When we reached Nice, I handed Miss Hawtree from the carriage, and felt that she was trembling.

"You cannot go on till the eight o'clock diligence in the morning. I shall secure a room for you at a hotel, where I can rely upon your being safe and comfortable. I shall engage your place in the diligence to-night, and call for you in the morning." This as I led here to the cab.

"How can I ever thank you for your kindness?"

"It is nothing. I am a very idle, unoccupied fellow, at any body's service—especially at the service of your brother's sister."

The mistress of one of the Nice hotels was well and favorably known to me. I committed Miss Hawtree to her care, explaining, in a few words, the object of her journey.

Then I ordered—and I remember I took great pains with its selection—a little dinner for one, of soup, game, cutlets, sweets, choice fruit and coffee, to be served as soon as possible to No. 99; and after I had done that I went about my own business.

I secured the *coupe* of the diligence and one place in the *banquette* as far as Genoa. I sent a telegram to Toulon to request that my luggage, which I had left unowned there, should be taken charge of till further notice. I dined at a hotel close to the diligence office, looking toward the windows of the house where I had left Miss Hawtree, and wondered dreamily what would come of this very strange adventure of mine.

I was sorry she had seen my name, otherwise I could have laid the flattering unction to my soul that it was my face which had inspired her with confidence.

But what on earth could she have done had I not been there?

When I was tired of my moonlight ramblings by the shores of that wonderful bay of Nice, and went to my hotel, I found it was too late to be worth while going to bed that night, so I watched till morning.

I was at her hotel pretty early, anxious to settle her account before she should be troubled about it. I ordered breakfast to be taken to her in her room, and sent a pencilled message to her, telling her I had arranged every thing.

I shall not easily forget the earnestly grateful look she gave me when we met.

As I tucked her up snugly in the *coupe*, "Had she been comfortable?" I asked.

"O, yes; I had thought of every thing. I had been most kind," she answered, her eyes full of tears. And then, "Where was I going?" with a half-alarm in her tone and face, as she found I did not take my place beside her.

"To the *banquette*, up above. I am your courier, mademoiselle; one sees better there, but this is fitter for a lady."

It was an early February morning; the sun and sky as bright as only a Riviera sun and sky could be; the Mediterranean could be.

We did not stop more than a few hours at Genoa. How long we were upon our route altogether I cannot distinctly remember. We had bad weather at one time, cold and rain, snow, wind and hail; that was, I think, in crossing the Apennines.

She never complained, though she got so benumbed with cold that she would have fallen but that I caught her in my arms one evening, as I was helping her to alight.

Caught her in my arms! Yes; and before I knew it had given her a sort of compassionate hug, exclaiming, "You poor, tired, patient child!" I couldn't help it—

When we reached Rome, in the full brightness of a sunny morning, she did look travelworn, fagged and jaded.

The night before, in a crowded diligence—I had not been able to secure a *coupe* for her—she had slept a great part of the night, her head upon my shoulder—a sleep of such profound exhaustion as had half-alarmed me. I had ventured to put my arm round her, to draw her to me, in order to support her better. What a slight, fragile form it was!

As I held her thus, and she slept this dead sleep, my eyes never closed, and my mind was very busy.

What would be the end of this journey? Should her brother be already dead? Friendless, moneyless, homeless, alone!

When we stopped once she half-roused; she looked confidingly up in my face as I bent down to her.

"I am afraid I weary you," she said. "I can't help it; I'm so tired!"

She was half-stupefied with fatigue.

Almost before she had finished speaking, her head dropped on my shoulder again; I pressed her closer to me for answer—that was all.

"Your wife, poor young thing, seems quite worn out," said a kindly, half-Quakerish-looking lady, sitting opposite.

I had noticed how pleasantly and compassionately she glanced at Ruth.

I answered simply, "She is worn out; she has traveled from London almost without stopping. She has a brother dying in Rome."

"Poor, poor young thing! But she is happier than many; she will meet sorrow with one by her who loves her with more than the love of a brother."

My conscience was roused; none of our other fellow-travelers could hear us. I briefly told her Ruth's story, and finished by asking, "Are you going to stay in Rome?"

"Yes, friend; and shall be glad to be of service to the young lady."

"You may perhaps be of the greatest service."

I gave her my card and she gave me hers, pencilling her address in Rome.

"This is your brother's address?" I asked Ruth as we approached Rome, reading a card she gave me.

"Yes; you are surprised! Why?"

"This is such a miserable quarter."

"O, he is very poor, and always saving—saving to be able soon to give me a home," she said. "He says I shall never be happy as a governess, nor he to know me one."

"Ruth," I said, taking her hand, as we drove through the streets; "let me call you so. I am not a stranger now: I am a brother to you, wishing to be to you more than any brother. But I am not going to speak of that now. Are you prepared for a great shock? I know that brave mind well. I mean if your brother should be very ill—dying—dead?"

She shuddered.

"You have said the word; I could not. I have been thinking, day after day, that he is dead; that is why—"

"Why no one met you?"

"Yes."

"I fear, poor child, you may be right. You will try to bear up bravely, and you will let me be a brother to you till—"

Now our cab stopped.

"This street is enough to have killed him," she said. "Surely it is not here?"

We had stopped in one of the narrow, filthy—as a matter of course—foul-smelling streets, of which there are plenty in Rome.

"It is here," I said, as the cabman opened the door.

I gave the word "What!" and lifted her out. Up the dark, chill, dirty stair—up and up. At last we reached a door on which the poor fellow's card was nailed. She seemed to gather courage now. She led the way through a small, dark ante-room, in which I paused.

I listened.

I heard a smothered exclamation from her; from him a cry so shrill as to be almost a scream.

"Ruth!"

I walked to the head of the staircase, and waited there perhaps half an hour. Then she came to me—came close up to me, and laid her hand upon my arm. The expression of the piteous eyes lifted to mine told me there was no hope. With a caressing word, I drew her to me. She leaned her forehead against my arm a moment; then, "Frank wants to see you; Frank wants to thank you," she said, in a scarcely audible voice.

I followed her into the room.

The full light of a square window, from which one could see the Tiber, the Castle of St. Angelo, and the line of Mont Janiculus, was streaming on a low couch where my poor young schoolfellow lay.

I saw directly that life with him was a question of no more than days, perhaps only hours. Yet what a beautiful bright face it was still! What a light streamed from those radiant eyes, as he, without rising—he was past that—stretched both hands toward me.

Ruth was crouching by him; one hand soon clutched her again, the other grasped mine as I sat down by him.

In this strange world how often are simple deeds, that cost nothing to the poor, most richly rewarded! What had I done? What sacrifice had I made? And how they thanked and blessed me!—he with his difficultly-spoken, faint words; she with her blessed eyes confirming his praises. A few words explained the case.

He had rallied after the first telegram, and had thought it needless that Ruth should come. He had not calculated on the possibility of her starting as immediately as she had done, and the second message, which bid her not come, had not reached her.

A few days after—two days since now—he had broken a blood-vessel, and had been pronounced beyond hope.

"If only I had known of this sooner!" I thought, as I looked at the miserable room and thought of my idle hundreds and thousands.

When, by-and-by—Ruth for a brief while absent—a woman living in the rooms below, who had been very kind to Frank, had taken her away to give her some refreshment, I stammeringly expressed something of my regret, he answered:

"It is better as it is, for I am well content."

"Is your sweet sister free?" I asked—"free from any engagement—free-hearted?"

I spoke low and hastily, and felt in all my being how much hung upon his answer.

"My little Ruth? O, yes, as far as I can know. And she has never had any secrets from me."

"I love her," I responded. "If she can love me, I will do what a man can do to make a woman happy as a wife."

He did not immediately answer. He lay with closed eyes, but I felt the tightening pressure of his hand.

"I may tell her by-and-by that I had your good wishes?"

"You may tell her"—the radiant eyes unclosing on me—"that in my last hours I drank a full cup of happiness, believing that my darling, my little Ruth, my ewe-lamb, my pet sister, would be happy among happy women as your wife."

"You have not lost your generous-hearted enthusiasm for a very unworthy fellow," I answered.

"Nothing I have heard of my old friend, my protector, my benefactor, has tended to lessen those feelings," he said.

"One word of yours in your sister's ear will make me—"

She came in at that moment. I was going to leave them together, but he begged me not to go; and while he spoke a mortal faintness surprised him.

It passed, however. He asked to be lifted up. The recumbent position was painful to him. He lay with his head on Ruth's shoulder, bright hair mingling with bright hair.

The doctor came and went, and the woman who had nursed him. They both foreboded that the last hour was near.

It was an afternoon not to be forgotten. He said he did not suffer much, and every now and again he talked.

Ruth did not shed a tear. She seemed absorbed in him beyond consciousness of self or sorrow. She moistened his lips or wiped his brow continually, and her eyes seemed to cling to his.

The sunset entering the room touched those two. She was watching him intently. His eyes, only half opened, seemed to look at her dreamily, like the eyes of one who dozes off to sleep. The light faded, the dusk gathered. We did not stir, believing that he slept.

By-and-by, through the gloom, the hear hush and the distant noise of the great city, Ruth's voice, low and awe-struck, reached me, asking for light. I had fallen into profound thought. Life, love, death and immortality, failure, success, the world's vanity—I do not know what I did not think of as I sat motionless in that dusky room.

I procured a lamp. I set it down on the table, where the light fell on those faces. I found that Ruth had sunk lower and lower as the head on her shoulder grew heavier. A glance told me the truth. He was dead.

She saw it, she knew it. She sank down lower yet, till his bright hair was on the pillow, hers beside it. She moaned softly, lying thus cheek to cheek. I heard a few words, "Brother, take me—take me with you. I have none but you."

Then she lay quite still, half on the couch, half on the floor, face to face with the dead.

What did I do?

I stood and looked at them.

As I stood and looked at them, I went through one of those experiences that it is no use to try and record—that are written on the page of life forever.

By-and-by I found that she was lying in a dead faint.

I disentangled them then, and laid her on the floor on as good a couch as I could make of my wrapper and the cushions of an old chair.

I had told her the truth when I told her I was a sort of doctor. That had been the profession I had not loved well enough to follow, after a large fortune left me had made the pursuit of a profession needless. I could treat her as well as another. I did what I could for her, and saw her revive.

My entreaties prevailed on her after a time to leave the room for a few hours, going with the woman of the rooms below; but before the night had half passed she was back again.

"Do not be angry with me. I want to sit and look at him. I won't cry. Soon I shall lose him forever!"

She took her station by him; she begged me to go away somewhere to get rest. I pretended to yield; but found myself too anxious to go beyond the anteroom. She was not in a state to be left alone.

The dawn brought the horrible and harrowing business of putting away out of sight, out of reach, the mortality which had been so dear, that we had clutched so close, and never could keep too near—to my mind.

I talked to her as little as I could, and as gently. Gently! If words could have floated on the air like eider-down, or touched her with gossamer-light touches, they would still have seemed to me too rough to be cast at her then. Still, I was forced to try and ascertain her wishes.

"You know what is best—you will do what is right," she answered me, gently; "but don't ask me to leave the house while he is in it. Think of the long years that—"

There she paused—burst into violent weeping. She had not cried before.

"O, I feel as if my heart was breaking!" she said, pressing her hands over it.

I clasped her to me. I comforted her as well as I could, reminding her, as well as I knew how, of how well things must be with her beloved brother. I spoke, too, of the place where we would lay him to rest, of the country, silent among the roses, the violets.

She lay quiet in my arms, and by-and-by lifted up her face to listen.

To see that sweet, sad face resting against my breast, to look down upon it, and meet its trustful eyes, filled me with overmastering emotions.

"If you can love me," I said then, "you need never feel alone or unsheltered, never more while I live. This is no unfit place or time to tell you this, for he knew I loved you, and was glad in knowing it; but I do not ask, or expect, or desire any answer—not now."

I hardly know that she took in the sense of my words; sorrow and exhaustion had drained her life. No tinge of color came to her cheek; she just listened.

"How good you are—how good you are!" she said. "What could I have done but for you?"

I arranged every thing for the best as far as I knew; I tempted her from the room to go with me to the graveyard beyond the walls, to choose where he should lie. She seldom spoke; she said afterward it was all like a dream, from which she expected at any moment to awake.

The next day we buried him.

When all was done we lingered near the place. A spring-breathed soft wind was blowing; spring-voiced sweet birds were singing, the mild spring sun was shining; the place was very soothing and peaceful, towered over by the great monumental tomb of some forgotten great one. That was a day to be remembered.

I promised her that the grave should be cared for better than any other in the place.

When we went away I took her to the care of that motherly, kind Quakerish lady of the diligence, whom I had prepared to receive her.

I did not see her again for some days; she was too exhausted, when the reaction from long over-tension set in, to leave her bed.

I called every day, and always found some gentle-worded, grateful message ready for me; but day after day I did not see her.

At last a bright day came when I did. She was more altered, more broken-down-looking, than I had anticipated. The meeting of me agitated her very greatly. Her black dress, too, increased the delicacy of her look.

Mrs. Norris stood by her, smoothing her hair and petting her with lovings deeds and words till she was calmer; then, good woman! she left us together.

I had no idea what lay before me.

Our interview was a long one. More than once I left her side and paced the room in despair; stood at one or other of the windows that looked down upon the city, and pondered how I could convince her of my love—that is to say, of the selfish and interested nature of it.

She met my definite offer of my hand and heart with the most meekly, humbly firm refusal.

Her gratitude was so full and so lowly, her agitation so great, that I could not be angry with her; but I was greatly irritated, and turned my irritation against myself—cursed myself that I could find no words strong enough to convince her.

It was just like me, she told me—just like what she had always heard of me. She would always love me with the most grateful, reverent love, always remember me in her prayers; but be my wife—no!

It was long before I could get a reason why; but at last I tortured it from her.

She believed that I was sacrificing myself—that I loved her because she was friendless and alone. But she was not fit for me, she told me; she had not the accomplishments, the education, the talent, the beauty, the any thing that my wife should have. As for her future, I need not be anxious, she assured me. Mrs. Norris had told her that here, in Rome, she could procure her a suitable situation.

At last, when I had exhausted every argument, or thought I had, and despaired, at all events, of present success, I grew hurt and angry.

I turned from her to a window, and stood looking out. A veil of blackness gathered between me and all I looked on. I was ill with anger, disappointment, and thwarted will.

I don't know how long I had stood so, but I believe it was a long time, when the softest of small hands entered mine, which hung down beside me.

I started and looked round. She was looking up into my face so wistfully, her own face stained with pain and earnestness.

"You look so pained, so displeased," she said. "I must seem to you so thoroughly heartless and ungrateful. I cannot bear it."

Before I knew what she was going to do, she was kneeling beside me; before I could prevent her, her soft fingers were raising my hand to her soft lips. I lifted her

Holding her by the shoulders, I asked her, I am afraid almost fiercely, "Can you tell me that you do not love me?"

"No, I cannot—I do love you—I love you very dearly."

"Her tears began to fall, and she, tottering toward me, shed them on my breast.

I held her there fast and firm; and never since has she disclaimed the right to be there.

Beer Brewers' Advice to Ohio Voters.

A Washington special to the Cincinnati Enquirer says:

The Washington Sentinel, the National organ of the brewers, has the following sensible advice to the Ohio Germans: "Do not forget that the Republican party has given you the Adair, Smith, Pond and Scott laws, and forced you to vote at the next election to decide whether you want a constitutional prohibitory amendment passed or not. Remember, also, that the immense majority of the Democrat party of your State has opposed the passage of those laws and resolutions. Bear in mind that, notwithstanding the last defeat, the Republicans of Ohio have reiterated in their platform at their last convention their opposition to personal liberty, while the Democrats in their platform have strongly come out for liberty. Do not forget that whatever may be their protestations in the present canvass, the Republican candidates, if elected, have to carry out the policy of their party as laid down in their party platform, and lined out by the deeds of the Republican party during the past. Whatever may be the prospects of success of the cause of personal liberty in the coming election, be true to yourselves, to your honor and self-interests, support your friends, and cast your vote against your enemies. You cannot expect any favor from a victorious Republican party of Ohio, when even after defeat in the last elections you have been unable to make any impression upon them or induce them to give up their pernicious policy against you. A Republican victory will be a victory of the fanatics. Be sensible, and do not stultify yourselves."

The Newark American in commenting on this says:

"The assumption of the Sentinel is that the men who want free trade in beer and whisky will best secure that result by voting with the Democrat party. The confidence of that journal is not misplaced. The Democrat party is the ally of the rum power. Every man voting with that party will be hailed as the friend of free whisky. Whatever he may think about it or say about it that is what his ballot means. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; and the Sentinel knows what party can be trusted to legislate for free whisky and no Sunday. To speak of a man as a temperance Democrat is a misnomer. The two don't combine. They are at antipodes. To favor temperance is to oppose Democracy. To vote for Democracy is to war against temperance. There is no man of ordinary intelligence in this State who doesn't know that a vote given to the Democrat party is a vote that will be counted as favoring the largest liberty to the rum seller in conducting his nefarious business, and that any profession to the contrary, on the part of the voter, can have no influence in changing or modifying the character of the act. For

'——all the waters in the ocean
Can never change the swan's black legs to white
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.'

And neither protestations nor prayers can make a vote for the Democrat party other than a vote in the interest of the saloons. The Democrat who is so strongly attached to his party that he can't cut loose from it for the sake of humanity can hardly deceive others, and should not try to deceive himself by any profession of love for temperance reform. The man whose party attachments are so strong as to lead him to go with it, well knowing that he is thereby making war on the dearest rights of humanity can scarcely regard himself as little better than a

'——knee-crooking knave
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass
For naught but provender.'

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron,—all powerful, blood-making, blood-cleansing and life-sustaining—and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of waning vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick.

For sale by all druggists.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

RHODE ISLAND and Delaware together are smaller than the Yellowstone Park.

IT is proposed to raise the salary of Philadelphia's Mayor from $5,000 to $10,000 a year.

WITHIN three years the number of sawmills in Arkansas has increased from 319 to over 1,200.

THE fig is said to be a sure crop in most of the Southern States. The cost of cultivation is trifling.

CANADA'S cotton factories are to be run only four days a week. There is complaint of over-production.

THE preachers in Aurora, Ind., counsel their flocks not to attend the fair, because indiscriminate gambling is allowed.

A GOLD mine has been opened in Dalton, Mass. The value of the precious metal thus far uncovered is less than $10.

THE city of Devil's Lake, Dakota, is not yet 100 days old, but already choice lots are sold at $2,000 each. It has seven large hotels and two banks.

HENRY CLAY THURSTON of Mount Pleasant, Texas, is seven feet seven and a half inches in stature, and weighs 280 pounds. He is 53 years of age.

STATE Librarian Wallis, of Sacramento, is under investigation on charge of supplying members of the California Legislature with intoxicating liquors in the State Library.

THE convicts in the penitentiary in Joliet, Ill, receive over 9,000 newspapers and periodicals every month. One earns $10 a month by overwork, and with it buys costly books.

JACOB GUBLER, who lives four miles from Springfield, Mo., was killed by explosion of a twenty gallon brandy barrel. He bored a hole in one end of the barrel, and, to enlarge the hold, inserted red hot iron.

THE wife of one of the Ohio candidates keeps a scrap book of all the newspaper clippings about her husband. If she takes all the papers she will probably be surprised to learn what an abomnable wretch she has been living with all these years.

AN APPLE tree in Mercer county, Ky., is believed to be 90 years old and has not failed to bear fruit every season for 60 years. Five feet from the ground it measures around the trunk 10 feet and 9 inches, and is believed to be the largest apple tree in the world.

A SYNDICATE in Galveston proposes to build wharves out to deep water in the Gulf of Mexico. To do this they will try to borrow $5,000,000 of the State's surplus, which will exceed $5,000,000 two years hence, and will be $10,000,000 in five years if the State sells the school lands.

THERE have been a great number of earthquakes in Great Britian from time to time. The last of note was that of 1817. It extended over a vast area of country, and in some localities its effects were scarcely felt. The lakes of Cumberland and Durham, and those of Scotland were visibly agitated and the progressive motion of the shock was also felt in Ireland.

CO-EDUCATION of the races is stirring up Lawrenceburg, Ind. Some colored pupils have been admitted to the public schools, and a number of whites have threatened to withdraw their children, and Mr. Terrill of Kentucky, whose daughter is a teacher in one of the schools, says that unless the colored children are excluded she will tender her resignation.

LAREDO, Texas, is protesting against the Mexican nickle five-cent coin. A writer says: "It is all very well as small change; but when a man calls with two or three donkeys loaded with it to pay a debt, and all hands in the store lose their much-needed siesta and consume a day in counting the stuff, even the patriotism of Mexicans—who do not highly value time—wanes in the operation.

A NEW ORLEANS neighborhood is alarmed by a ghostly drama performed every evening at 11:30. At that hour a headless horseman dashes up to a deserted house, enters, and conversation is dimly heard. Then the horseman dashes away, and immediately there appears at an upper story window, the figure of a beautiful girl with a dagger in her breast, who gazes beseechingly after the headless horseman.

WHEN the Phoenix Park murderers were hanged by Marwood, says the New York *Truth*, the mother of the youngest—who really was a boy—kneeled on the ground in all the rain in front of the jail, and called down curses on all concerned in the execution. Marwood was then in excellent health. Almost immediately he took to drink. This weakened his vitality. At a subsequent execution in England his cunning, that had hitherto been proverbial, deserted him, and he made a wretched bungle of an execution. A few days ago he contracted pneumonia, which to rally from he did not have strength enough, and now is dead.

THE County Attorney of Rice county Minn., desires the presence of Mr. Frank James, the bandit, whom a jury in Gallatin, Mo., acquitted last week. The Minnesota attorney wishes to connect Mr. James with the Northfield raid, and to send him to join his friends the Younger brothers, in the Stillwater penitentiary, but there are charges on which the distinguished prisoner is to be tried again in Missouri, and not a few indignant Missourians predict that the worst element of Missouri will acquit him and spirit him away before the requisition of the Governor of Minnesota upon Gov. Crittenden can be honored.

THE train robbers and other notorious desperadoes of the West are likely to cut a small figure beside the cow boys, if the latter continue to attract public attention to themselves by such exhibitions as the free fight in which eight of their number engaged in at a Colorado ranch on Sunday night. The details of this bloody fight are more surprising. Think of eight men locked up in a cabin, in utter darkness, striking and shooting one another down without being able to distinguish friend or foe, and keeping up this murderous work, amid shouts and curses and the cries of the wounded, until only two escaped unhurt from the place! At this rate the cow boy would soon become a distinct species. It is not surprising to learn that whisky is at least partly responsible for this unique and horrible exhibition of human ferocity.

A CORRESPONDENT in a foreign scientific contemporary tells this story about dreaming: "In the summer of 1882, when an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, I was permitted to reside in college rooms during the summer long vacation. As fires were not wanted in our sitting rooms it was customary for each resident bedmaker or other officer to carry his water-kettle for breakfast and tea to the college kitchen and bring it back with water boiling. On one occasion I overslept my usual hour, and dreamed a dream. I was at a gate of a country farmyard well-known to me, and there came a long procession of horses, asses, oxen, hogs, sheep and all the animals usually to be found in a farm yard, followed by a north country drover, with his plaid crossed over his shoulders, who walked up to me and said: 'Sir, I have brought your cattle.' In an instant I perceived and actually heard (so intimately were the auditory sounds and the intellectual interpretation intermixed) that my bedmaker was at my chamber door calling to me: 'Sir, I have brought your kettle.' The hearing had been confused; there had been no reasoning, but there had been instantaneous vigor of creative imagination.

THE Rev. Garvy Bradsted is the name of a Methodist preacher who is pastor of a church in Egypt, N. J. Concerning him the Philadelphia *Record* publishes a strange story which would indicate that too much brooding upon prophecies has unsettled his mind. Three weeks ago he amazed his congregation by the announcement that on Saturday, September 8, he would die a natural death and join his dear brother in heaven. He stated that his brother had been killed in battle during the late war. Ten years ago he dreamed that he had met that brother in heaven, and was then informed that in just ten years he would meet him again, and would never return to earth again. The preacher then bade his congregation a final farewell, assuring them that at ten o'clock on the following Saturday night he would join the saints in paradise. So impressed were many people with the solemnity of the preacher's manner that about 100 hundred members of the church gathered at his residence some time before the fatal hour. Mr. Bradsted was seated in a room opening upon the street. The door was open and the preacher could be seen by all who had gathered about. Evidently he was waiting with confidence the approach of death. His head rested upon his arms. As the hour approached the crowd began to get nervous, and a portion of it appeared to expect that the Angle of Death would appear in person and carry off the pastor bodily. Ten o'clock, however, passed, but nothing happened, and the preacher still lives He thinks he made a mistake in the day and hour.

THE census of the population of the Austrian Empire, taken for the night of December 31, 1880, gives the following general results: The total population for the whole Empire was 37,786,000 souls. Of these 15,642,002 fell to the Hungarian portion, and 22,144,244 to the Austrain or Cisleithan portion. According to their nationality the population is distributed as follows, in round numbers: There are 10,000,000 Germans, 6,191,000 Magyars, 7,055,000 Bohemians, Moravians, and Slovaks, 3,290,000 Poles, 3,180,000 Ruthenians, 4,176,000 Serbo-Croats, and 2,518,000 Roumanians. There are, taking them altogether, 19,000,000 Slavs—a little more than half the whole population of the Empire. The ratio of population to area is moderate. In the western portion, embracing an area of 300,253 square kilometres, the ratio is 74 to the square kilometre; whereas in the eastern portion, with an area of 324,016 square kilometres, the ratio of population is only 48.3 to the square kilometre. The corresponding ratios are: In England, 157; in Belgium, 191; in Saxony, 172; in Germany, 84; in France, 71; in Russia, 15 to the square kilometre. With respect to religion, the inhabitants of Austria-Hungary are classified as follows: Roman Catholics, 29,753,100; Orthodox Greek, 3,450,000; Calvanists, 2,130,000; Evangelical, German Reform Church, 1,450,000; Jews, 1,640,000. The Jews dwell principally in Galicia, Hungary, Moravia; in Vienna alone there are 86,000 or about one-twelfth of the whole population.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

July 14, 1yr.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say we have been given the Agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—warranted to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50c. a Box. For sale by L. E. Anderson.

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POLITICAL NOTES.

THE N. Y. World (Dem.) worries that "deplorable folly has lost Ohio to the Democrats."

FRED DOUGLASS says the colored voters of the South would be practically solid for either Robert T. Lincoln or Benj. F. Butler.

IF THE Democracy continue to kick as they have been doing of late there'll be no breechin' left on the party in October.

THE Ohio Democrats grow more vigorous in mutual denunciation every day. Each faction accuses the other of dishonesty, and both substantiate their assertions with proof.—Troy Daily Times.

THE New York Republi an State Convention will be minus many of the old familiar faces of past conventions, their owners having stepped aside to ensure party harmony. Every person who voted for Garfield was free to vote in the caucuses.

MR. BLAINE thinks that the Republican party is in a better condition now than it was immediately previous to the Presidential election of 1876 and 1880, and that the Democratic party is in a more disorganized condition than it was in those years.

CONGRESSMAN BLACKBURN has been sent for by the Ohio Democrats to come over from Kentucky and help them in their discouraging canvass. This is equivalent to a flag of distress, as a Kentucky paper says the Ohio Democrats "always send for Blackburn when they get in a tight place."

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

The absence from the stump of Hoadly, the Democrat candidate for Governor of Ohio, is greatly regretted by the Republican managers. Every time he made a speech or appeared in public he made votes for the Republican ticket.

THE New Jersey Democrats have nominated for Governor, Mr. Leon Abbett, a gentleman who is said to be very unpopular, and having straddled the tariff question and denounced the efforts at civil service reform, the prospects for a Republican victory are regarded as being rather more than probable.

ALREADY there are evidences that the next Congress, which will be Democratic in the Lower House, will tinker with the tariff next winter, and attempt to still lower it. Such meddling means that the tariff issue will be the principle one in the next Presidential election, and as a result, a Republican victory.

From the Chicago Times.

When Judge Hoadly comes to add his doctor's bill to the cost of his nomination, he will find himself a long way out of pocket. To make his situation all the more distressing, he will probably be obliged to see Mr. Foraker reap the honors and draw the salary pertaining to the Ohio Governorship.

IT IS now said that John R. Martin, Democratic candidate for Board of Public Works, is not elector in Ohio, and therefore not eligible to the office. He formerly did business in Cincinnati, but resided in Newport, Ky. He removed from Newport to Xenia in November last. The State law requires a residence of one year before becoming an elector. Martin was one of the nominees of the Columbus Convention who was accused of buying his nomination.

THE Charleston News and Courier states as an "admitted fact" that Mr. S. J. Tilden agreed early in the campaign of 1876 to contribute $5,000 towards paying the expenses of the Presidential canvass in South Carolina. "Another fact is," says the News, "that the $5,000 were spent on the faith of Mr. Tilden's promise, and to this day Mr. Tilden has not paid a solitary cent of that which was expended in his name. So the story goes, and we have every reason to believe that it is an 'o'er true tale.' "

GONERNOR CRITTENDEN, of Missouri, says that he is not in favor of Prohibition on principle, and not particularly pleased with the new Missouri liquor law, but is determined that the law shall be enforced in St. Louis, as well as in other parts of the State. He threatens, if the saloon-keepers don't behave themselves better, to call an extra session of the legislature for the purpose of giving them a still stronger dose. He thinks that the rum-sellers of Missouri are acting like a set of fools in attempting to defy the law.

THE convention which is engaged in forming a State Constitution for Southern Dakota has taken some votes upon woman suffrage which are of interest. A proposition for the entire equality of women with men in the right to vote was overwhelmingly defeated; receiving only three votes out of a convention of about one hundred and twenty. Afterwards, however, a section was adopted granting to women having the qualifications of age, residence, etc., prescribed for male voters, the right to vote at any election held solely for school purposes, and to hold any office relating to schools.

A VIRGINIA Judge, who had the misfortune to dabble in politics and get elected to Congress, has committed suicide because he was forced to make removals and appointments in his judicial capacity which he believed to be contrary to law. Machine polities not infrequently compel acts like those which preyed on the mind of the dead Virginian till he took his life. But the discovery of such accusing consciences in active politics is entirely exceptional. It is useless to wish that the machine workers, who forced the dead man into the acts of which he so bitterly repented, had committed suicide instead of him. That class of men never kill themselves.

ADDRESS

—OF—

CAPT. R. M. VOORHES.

Delivered at Coshocton, Ohio, at Ex-Soldiers' and Sailors Reunion, September 20 1883

It is in obedience to a suggestion of "Many Soldiers," which appeared in our county papers some weeks ago, for a reunion and picnic of all the ex-Soldiers and Sailors of Coshocton county that brings us together on this occasion. We have put aside for the time the common cares of life and seized a brief respite from the never ending toils of labor to meet in this beautiful grove to-day in gladness and reunion. The word reunion is suggestive. It presupposes another time and occasion when you were together and in union. Yes, there was such a time and occasion; but how different the circumstances and surroundings of this meeting to-day as compared with what they were at that time, more than twenty years ago! Then you were united in a common cause and in the defense of a beloved country, which was threatened and imperiled by an armed and hostile foe. May he who now addresses you be enabled to so direct your minds that you shall not seemed to have lost a day and that your meeting on this occasion shall not be in vain. On such an occasion as this, all hearts naturally turn to the contemplation of the past; but desiring to depart from this course, I wish, instead of considering the events of the past, to direct your minds to the present condition of our country and its hopes for the future.

By so doing, we can avoid, if it is desirable to do so, the consideration of questions on which there may be differences of opinion entertained by those who hear me as to what were the primary or producing causes of the late war. These questions belong to the domain of history and they have already found their place in the written history of our country where all can read and judge for themselves. It has been claimed, by some at least, that these reunions are wrong. They say it is time the Blue was buried and forgotten. Not so. True there are some things it is wise to forget; but to forget the Blue would be to forget your country and its flag. How the beauty of our flag would be marred if the spangled field of blue or a single star was erased therefrom.

It is a custom, time honored, for the surviving actors in the drama of any war, which marks the triumphs of some great principle in political government tending to the liberation of mankind from the oppression or the perpetuation of free institutions to meet and renew fraternal bonds knit in the fiery conflict.

Who could or would object to the observance of the now established custom of strewing flowers upon the graves of those who died that the nation might live, when even the budding flowers of spring seem to plead for the privilege of breathing their fragrance around the lowly resting place of our noble dead. Yet to do so is to perpetuate the memory of the Blue. No my friends you cannot be true to yourselves or your flag, if you dishonor the Blue. Let your devotion to your flag be like unto that of old Barbara Fritchie of Fredricktown, Va., when the rebels under Stonewall Jackson shot away the old flag which floated from her window. No sooner had it fallen from its broken staff than she snatched it up, and, leaning far out on the window sill, waved it forth, shouting to the rebel horde, 'Shoot if you must this old gray head, but spare your country's flag." For consider what would have been the consequences to the country, and to all we hold dear, if those who wore the Blue had failed in their duty on the battle field. Consider what would have been the condition of the United States to-day if our noble army had failed in its purpose and mission. What in that sad event might have been the fate of our own State even, if instead of gallantly beating back the tide of invasion threatened at times from Kentucky and other border States, our army had itself been driven from their borders and thrown back in confusion upon the Queen City of our State, discomfited and scattered to the four winds. Even our beautiful Forest City, which sits like a gem upon the shore of the sail spotted bosom of Erie's blue sea would have been at the mercy of the enemy, accordingly as it might have pleased him when spurred on by passion, and flushed with victory. For we must bear in mind one of the great lessons of every war is, that it is impossible for the people without military organizations, inhabiting the cities, towns, and villages of an open country, to withstand the inroads of a veteran army. What defense could be made by the inhabitants of a village, mostly built of wood, of cities unprotected by walls, or even by a population of men however chivalrous and resolute, whose aged parents demand their care whose wives and children cluster about them, against the charge of the war horse whose neck is clothed with thunder, against flying artillery and batteries of rifled cannon, planted on every commanding eminence, against the assaults of trained veterans led by skillful chiefs. No, my friends, army must be met by army, battery by battery, squadron by squadron, and the shock of organized thousands must be encountered by the firm breasts and valiant arms of other thousands as well organized and as skillfully led.

It is no reproach therefore to the unarmed population of the country to say that you owe it to the brave men who sleep in honored graves and to their surviving associates that your fertile fields were saved from the invader and your beautiful cities were not given up to be sacked and plundered by an exulting and triumphant enemy.

War, in general, is a public armed contest between nations in order to establish justice between them. Or, is the language of Lord Bacon: "It is one of the highest trials of right when princes and states that acknowledge no superior on earth shall put themselves on the justice of God for the deciding of their controversies by such success as it shall please Him to give on either side."

Civil war contemplates fields drenched in fraternal blood, when the happiness of homes has been broken up by the unfriendly arms of neighbors and when kinsmen have sunk beneath the cold steel that was nerved by a kinsman's hand. A republic has been declared too weak to endure the shock of a civil war. Yet we have crushed the most gigantic rebellion the world has ever seen, and grew in strength and population every year during the struggle.

This may be at variance with the generally conceived idea of the effects of war upon a country or a people as gathered from the history of the world's great wars.

The first thought that arises in the mind in regard to war is that it is a resort to force whereby each nation or state strives to overpower the other. Reason and the divine part of our nature in which alone we differ from the beasts of the field, in which alone we approach the divinity in which are the elements of justice—the professed object of war—are dethroned when resort is had to war. The early poets in the unconscious simplicity of the world's childhood make this fact strikingly apparent. All the heroes of Homer are likened in their rage to the ungovernable fury of animals or things devoid of human reason or human affection. Hector in whom cluster the highest virtues of polished war is called by the characteristic term "the tamer of horses," and one of his renowned feats in battle, indicating only brute strength is where he catches up and hurls a stone which two of the strongest men could not easily put into a wagon; and he drives over dead bodies and shields while the axle of his chariot is defiled by gore and the guard about the seat is sprinkled by the horses hoofs and from the tires of the wheels with blood.

In that most admired passage of ancient literature this same Hector, before returning his child, the young Astyanax, to the arms of his wife, invoked the gods for a single blessing on his head, that he might excel his father in bringing home bloody spoils of his enemies slain and so make glad the heart of his mother. Illustrations like this might be gathered from the early fields of modern literature as well as from the ancient; showing the unconscious degredation of the soldier who renounces the human character to assume that of the brute.

We conceive this to be the true picture of war that is waged only for conquest, and of the soldier, who is not actuated by pure patriotism and love of country.

But those who assume the character of soldiers because they believe the war in which they engage is just and necessary, presents very different characters.

Such are not soldiers by profession, but emerging from the quiet walks of life, mechanics, merchants, youths engaged in the literary studies, and husbandmen, peaceful cultivators of the soil, from pure love of country are induced to embark in an undertaking fraught with so many dangers and trials as that of a common soldier's life.

For example, take that young farmer of Pennsylvania, who came one day to the gentleman to whom he had been accustomed to sell the products of his little farm and asked for a brief interview. The gentleman complying with the request, the young agriculturist said: "I just wish to thank you, sir, for your custom for these three years, and to say that after to-day I can not longer serve you.' The gentleman replied: "I am sorry for that. Your butter and eggs have always been very fine. What's the matter?" "I've enlisted, sir." "Enlisted!" "Yes, sir, I go for one year. My wife and boy can take care of the farm for one year and can live without me for at least that time. I am glad to go. If I can be with Grant when he goes into Richmond it will be the very happiest day of my life."

This little incident is only one of many thousands, where our people peacefully and happily situated were transformed into soldiers who showed a valor which challenged the admiration of the world; and after victory had crowned their efforts, returned again to the peaceful pursuits of the civilian to enjoy the sweets of rural life.

As we have said before, during the late war our country grew in strength and population every year, and it has continued ever since to advance in material prosperity.

Let us submit some facts in confirmation of this statement. In 1850 the total population of the United States was 23,191,876. In 1860 it was 31,443,321, an increase of over eight millions. In 1870 the population was 38,558,371; in 1880, 50,155,783, an increase of over eleven millions. In 1880 the increase in population from immigration alone was a half million. In 1882 it was three quarters of a million.

One of the most deplorable effects of war is that people are liable to become indolent and vicious. Has our people been an exception to this rule? Again let us resort to figures in confirmation of our claim that the American people are an exception. The total number of farms in all the States and Territories in 1850 was 1,449,073; in 1860, 2,044,077; in 1870, 2,659,985; in 1880, 4,008,907. Here is an increase in the number of farms in cultivation from 1850 to 1860 of over 500,000; from 1860 to 1870, over 600,000; 1870 to 1880, over 1,348,000. The total amount of land in farms in 1860 was 407,212,538 acres; in 1870, 407,735,041; in 1880, 536,081,835. The value of farms in 1860 in money was $6,645,045,000.00; in 1880, $10,197,596,776.00. Notice the increase in farming implements. In 1860 it was $246,118,141.00; in 1880, $406,520,935.00. How stand the figures as to some of the products of industry; for instance, the number of bushels of wheat raised in the States and Territories. In 1860 it was 173,104,924 bushels; in 1880, 459,483,137 bushels. Take our own State, which is the third State in the Union in the production of wheat, Indiana and Illinois both exceeding her 1880. In 1860 Ohio produced 15,119,047 bushels; in 1880, 46,014,869. The number of pounds of wool produced in the United States in 1860 was 60,264,913 pounds; in 1870, 100,102,387 pounds; in 1880, 150,681,751. In all other products the increase is equally marked.

This increase or evidence of prosperity is not confined to the States that were not in rebellion; but many of the Southern States show in some of the products of industry a proportionate increase.

There is a very noticeable difference in the number of manufacturing establishments in 1860 and 1880 in the United States. In 1860 the total number was 140,433, with a capital of $1,009,855,715, and with a total number of hands, male and female, employed of 1,311,237; in 1880 there were 253,852 establishments, with a capital of $2,790,272,606, and employing 2,550,674 hands, male and female; an increase in establishments of 113,419, or about 80 per cent.; of capital, $1,780,416,891, or about 175 per cent.; of hands employed, 1,239,437, or about 90 per cent.

There were completed and in operation in the United States in June, 1880, 87,891 miles of railroad. The increase in this branch of internal improvement since that time has been at the rate of about 10,000 miles per year. In our own State in 1860, there were 2,974 miles; in 1870, 3,374; in 1880, 5,659; in 1881, 5,835 miles.

Among the new inventions of the last decade are the telephone, auto phone and electric light. There are now 148 companies and private concerns in the United States operating the telephone, with 34,305 miles of wire, with 54,319 receiving telephones, furnishing employment for 3338 operators and employes.

There have also been great improvements made upon machinery of all kinds; so many that to undertake to specifically state what they are would be a task to arduous to assume, and would require more time to recite them than your patience would bear.

But one more significant fact, which tends to show something of the energy and frugality of that great class of our citizens, the cultivators of the soil, is that the total amount of exports for the year ending July 1st, 1883, from all sources, is, in round numbers, $827,000,000. Of this sum, $700,000,000 are from the products of the soil and the fruits of the industry of this class of which I have spoken; the balance, $127,000,000, is from all other sources of industry, including manufacturing, in the whole country. How much of this $700,000,000 is consumed by the producers in purchasing the necessaries of life and the implements and machinery by means of which i is produced, and how much is paid out for the benefit of the classes producing the $127,000,000, involves questions of political economy, which this is neither the time nor the place to consider.

Therefore, we may sum up by saying that notwithstanding the terrible civil war, the present condition of our country is one of greater prosperity than at any former period of its history. So if the question should be asked, "Did you ever know of a great war that left a country in the same condition in which it was prior thereto?" we answer and point you to the United States as a case where, if there has been a change of condition, it is for the better. Its institutions have been preserved, its freedom enlarged and its material prosperity steadily but surely advanced.

Have we reached the summit of our destiny, or have we filled our mission as a nation? There exists in moral as well as physical order a supreme law which assigns to institutions as to certain beings a fated limit, marked by the term of their utility. Until this providential period has arrived, no opposition prevails; conspiracies, revolts, everything fails against this irresistable force which maintains what people seek to overthrow; but if, on the contrary, a state of things immovable in appearance ceases to be useful to the progress of humanity, then neither the empire of tradition, nor courage, nor the memory of a glorious past can retard by a day, the decline and fall which has been decided by destiny. It may be that we as a people are what we are in spite of the government; but it may be true that without it and without its preservation as the result of our great struggle, we should be in a far different situation than what we now are. Our convictions are that it is only by reason of our free institutions that these blessings of peace and prosperity, of which we have spoken, have been vouchsafed unto us. The people have much to do with the development of the natural resources of any land. The institutions of a people, political and moral, are the matrix in which the germs of their organic structure quickens into life, takes root and develops into form, nature and character. These institutions constitute the basis from which spring all our characteristics of development and greatness. A thousand cheerful omens encourage us and give us hope of yet happier days whose dawn is nigh.

Those ages have no memory where there is a boundless sea of blood and the wild air moans with the crimson surges that entomb cities and bannered armies. The spirit of liberty cannot dwell with slaves nor reign over those who cower to take a tyrant's yoke; she leaves the down trodden nation in disdain. It was so with Greece. There is the [illegible], the [illegible] sky, the same [illegible] and harbors, the same Olympus, the same land where Homer sung, where Pericles spoke. It is the same old Greece, but it is living Greece no more.

When Liberty, new born, first awoke amidst those glorious vales, and broke scepter and chain with her fair youthful hands as rocks are riven by the thunder stroke, Greece stood forth in full-grown strength of leagued and rival states—an empire—the wonder of the world.

But, oh! Greece! thy flourishing cities became a spoil unto each other; thy hard hand oppressed and crushed the helpless; thou didst make thy soil drunk with the blood of those that loved thee best. In the midst of her present degradation we see the glorious fragments of ancient works of art, temples with ornaments and inscriptions that excite wonder and admiration, the remains of a once high order of civilization which have outlived the langauge of her people.

Why is this so? I answer, Greece filled her destiny and passed her fated limit, marked by the term of her utility.

The same is true of her younger sister, Rome. She awed the world with her imperial frown—she drew the spirit of her age from Greece, and proved to be her rival in shame and renown. Her degenerate children sold the crown of earth's wide kingdoms to a line of slaves—guilt reigned, and woe with guilt and plagues came down till the North broke its flood-gates and the waves overwhelmed the degraded race and weltered o'er their graves.

Why have not the people of that heaven-favored clime the spirit that animated their father? Why such sad difference? The answer is, the destruction of her institutions caused it. And, my friends, if we shall, in an evil hour, rashly pull down and destroy those institutions which have been preserved by the sacrifice made by the loyal sons of America, by birth and adoption, who can venture the prediction that by so doing your term of utility shall have been past. And whenever a people and government cease to be useful to the progress of humanity, neither the empire of traditions, nor courage, nor the memory of a glorious past can retard the fall which destiny holds in store for them and their country.

We may congratulate ourselves as soldiers in doing much to avert the sad calamity that would have befallen us and our posterity by permitting our institutions to be destroyed by the misguided people of the South. But, soldiers, let us remember another fact—that peace has her own peculiar victories in comparison with which Marathon, Bunker Hill, and Gettysburg, fields which will be ever held sacred in the history of human freedom, shall lose their lustre. Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature, not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton, nor when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown; but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, after having emancipated a hemisphere, refusing the kingly crown which a thoughtless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war.

What act in the life of General Grant will furnish a brighter page in his history than that, after achieving such great victories in the late war, he became the zealous and successful advocate of peaceful arbitration as the means of settling and adjusting the complicated and threatening differences between the United States and Great Britian, arising out of the Alabama claims!

What is grander or more God-like than the heart that prompted the utterances of the lamented Lincoln toward those lately in rebellion, "With charity for all, with malice toward none." He was willing to take them to his heart and walk with them side by side as he would have us do, going forward to work out a glorious destiny; hoping that the time would speedily come when the mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and from every patriot's grave, should yield a sweeter music when touched by the angels of our better nature.

I can no longer deny myself the felicity, my beloved comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and all ex-soldiers and sailors of Coshocton county, of addressing myself more particularly to you, on this occasion as we are met here in reunion. I imagine I behold you on the victorious field of battle, bowed down with the fatigues of an active campaign and suffering from inclement weather, receiving the welcome news of approaching peace and your country's political salvation, with all that joy of heart and serenity of mind that become citizens who fled to arms merely at their country' call at a time of common danger. Our perseverance and sufferings which purchased the glorious fruits of victory, unite us in a firm and indissoluble bond of fidelity to each other, and to effectuate acts of beneficence, dictated by a spirit of charity and loyalty, to any of our members who may unfortunately be under the necessity of receiving them; and thereby establish this sacredtruth, that the glory of a soldier can not well be completed without acting well the part of a citizen. This, my comrades, I understand, is the object of our reunions; and this day, I trust, we are carrying on the good work first begun at these social gatherings. Long, long, even to the remotest ages, may the citizens of this Republic enjoy the fruits of your trials and sufferings. May they never forget the invaluable price, as well as the purposes for which the great sacrifice of blood and treasure was made. May the rights of man and the purity of a free, energetic and independent government be continually promoted and cherished by every descendant of the grand army of the American Union, so that our beloved country shall never fall by the hands of her children.

Who, then, can declare the limit of our country's deep-founded strength or tell how happily in her lap the sons of men shall dwell?

A POLITICAL FORGERY

In Shape of the Democratic Wool Tariff "Scorcher" Exposed by Senator Sherman.

Senator Sherman spoke at Washington, Fayette county, last Thursday. Speaking of the reduction of the tariff upon wool he said:

And now, fellow-citizen, I wish to call your attention to one of those acts of political fraud and rascality that the News Journal and many less pretentious Democratic newspapers are committing. I hold in my hand a pamphlet, without date or signature, or place of printing, but I know it came from Democratic headquarters, which in my judgment is just as much a fraud as the old cry of "Polk, Dallas and the tariff of '42," or the forged Chinese letter which lost General Garfield the States of Connecticut and California. It is headed:

"THE REDUCTION ON WOOL.

REPUBLICAN TARIFF TINKERING COST

THE OHIO WOOL GROWERS

SIX MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

FLEECING THE FLOCKMASTERS.

HOW IT WAS DONE,

AND

WHO DID IT."

These words are printed in big letters:

"Bear these facts in mind, farmers of Ohio: The Republican Congress reduced the duty on wool at a time when there was absolutely no public necessity for doing so, and when its preservation was most necessary to you; the Republican Congress did this to accommodate the New England woolen manufacturers, who already enjoy too many favors. The Republican party is under the thumbs of the New England manufacturers, and you have absolutely nothing to hope for from it."

In another place it says:

"The Democrats in Congress were your friends. They sought by every means in their power to prevent this wrong from being inflicted on you. Trust the Democratic party in this matter; it has promised to and will give you relief."

In another place I find this:

"4. THAT JOHN SHERMAN, THE REPUBLICAN SENATOR FROM OHIO, WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE GUARDIAN OF THE WOOL INTEREST, HAD THE DECIDING VOTE IN THE U. S. SENATE, WHICH HE CAST AGAINST HIS OWN PEOPLE.

"5. That the Democratic party opposed the reduction from the beginning, and is the only party which can be relied on to restore the duty."

Again, in another place:

"The Democratic party, as the facts show, has been steadily and earnestly opposed to the perpetration of this great wrong against the people."

Now, fellow-citizens, I could not, on reading this tissue of lies, help thinking what a feeling of contempt Democratic members of Congress who know the facts will have for the Democrats of Ohio who got up this pamphlet, and for the Democratic party, that could be made to believe such stuff. The material allegations are that the Republican party reduced the duty on wool, and the Democratic party opposed the reduction. Now let us see what the facts are.

In every tariff act passed by the Democratic party while in power the duty on wool was fixed at an ad valorem rate, varying from 24 to 30 per cent., or less than six cents per pound, foreign valuation. The first Republican tariff, that of 1861, fixed the rate at nine cents a pound for wool of the higher grades.

In 1867 the tariff on wool and woollens was revised, and after a long struggle, in which the Republican party supported the increase of duty, and the Democratic party opposed it, the duty on the foreign wool, which competed with American wool, costing thirty-two cents or less was put at ten cents a pound, and ten per cent ad valorem, and on wool costing more than thirty two cents a pound the duty was twelve cents a pound, and eleven per cent ad valorem. This act was purely a Republican measure. Every Democrat in the Senate voted against it, and have denounced it ever since.

So it remained util 1881, when the revenue became largely in excess of the wants of the Government, at which time there was a general demand for the reduction of taxes, and a Commission was appointed to report a revision of the taxes. During this time a bill reducing taxes was pending in Congress, and Mr. Bayard, a leading Democrat, on the 5th of August, 1882, offered an amendment reducing the duty on wool to twenty-five per cent, or the equivalent of about four cents specific duty. This was voted for by Democratic Senators, and defeated by Republican Senators.

The struggle between the parties on wool was the same as on every other article between a tariff for revenue only, favored by the Democrats, and a protective tariff, favored by the Republicans.

At the last session the Tariff Commission reported a general reduction of the whole tariff, embracing more than one thousand articles, and among others, proposed to repeal the ad valorem tax on wool, retaining only the specific duties of ten and twelve cents a pound on the kind of wool we raise in the United States.

Now, in the interest of the wool-growers of Ohio, and, at the time urgent request of the Ohio Legislature and of the Wool-Growers' Association, I opposed this reduction, but was willing to submit to some reduction of duty, and I offered an amendment to increase the duty to 12 and 14 cents a pound, and dispense with the ad valorem duty. This was entirely satisfactory to the wool-growers, and was a reduction of the old duty of about one cent a pound. It was debated at considerable length. General Logan and I advocating it, and Bayard, Maxey, Beck and every Democratic Senator who spoke, opposing it, and unfortunately the New England Senators, who wanted cheap wool, voted with them, and my motion was defeated, a majority of the Republicans voting for it, and the Democrats, with only three exceptions, and the New England Senators, voting against it. All this appears from the record.

I beg to read again, with proper amendments, the capital paragraph I read awhile ago. You will remember my amendment was defeated by the Democratic Senators in Congress combining with the New England woollen manufacturers, who already, they say, enjoy too many favors:

"John Sherman, the Republiban Senator from Ohio, who should have been the guardian of the wool interest, cast his vote against his own people, and the Democratic party opposed the reduction from the beginning." This is what they say in this pamphlet. Now, fellow-citizens, upon what pretext can this bald falsehood rest? The answer is plain. They do not mention the two direct votes on wool. They do not mention the debate except to falsify what I said by taking a few words of my remarks on my amendment, detaching them from their context and making me speak in favor of reduction instead of against it. When I pointed out this worse than forgery to a Democratic friend, he swore like the army in Flanders against all such villainy.

The Democrats were opposed to the passage of this bill because, while it relieved the people from seventy-seven millions of taxes annually, internal and external, it still maintained the principles of protection to labor as against a tariff for revenue only. It preserved a tariff on wool higher than ever proposed in a Democratic tariff; higher, far, than any Democratic Congress would think of proposing.

Though the reduction on wool was, I think, a great blunder, which the New England manufacturers will have cause to regret, and although I did all I could to correct it, yet the bill on the whole was so much better than a Democratic Congress would give us, that I did not hesitate to vote for it. Every friend to the protection of wool voted for it; and every enemy to the protection of wool voted against it; not because of the reduction on wool, but because the duty on wool and all other articles of American production were still, in their opinion, to high for a tariff for revenue only. The concocters of the pamphlet know this to be true.

Sometimes we all become tired of political life, when the basest fraud and meanest deception are practiced to cheat and deceive honest people. The only gleam of virtue about this pamphlet is that it goes out to the world without a name or habitation. Even the Democratic Committee, though they circulate it, put no earmarks upon it. I will keep it to read to Democratic Senatore as a specimen of the honesty of Democratic leaders of Ohio. I will point to it as an imitation of the meanest frauds of political life.

THE FROZEN NORTH.

The Steamer Protius, of the Greely Relief Expedition Crushed in the Ice.

Dispatches from St. Johns, New Foundland, under date of September 12, give the startling information that the United States steamer Protius, under command of Lieutenant Carlington, sent out last spring with provisions for the relief of Lieutenant Greely and party, who have been in the Northern seas for something like three years, upon an exploring expedition, under the directions of the United States Government, has been wrecked.

When Greely and party invaded the Northern seas, it was with the understanding that this year relief should be sent, stations or "caches" established along the route where supplies were to be left, the relief vessel making the trip, depositing the supplies and returning in time to escape the dangers of a winter in the North. The dispatches state that the relief vessel reached the entrance of Smith's Sound, on July 23d, where it was caught between two immense ice floes, and was so impaired that it sank in a short time. All the crew escaped with sufficient food and clothing to supply themselves while making their journey southward, but all the supplies for Greely and party were destroyed, and none of the stations or "caches" agreed upon were stocked.

Rumors were gathered from the Esquimaux that the Greely party had been seen farther north and were in good condition, but it must be certain that their supplies are about exhausted, and the probabilities of their remaining in the Arctic seas another winter is fearful to contemplate and a fate similar to that which befell De Long is probable.

THE Democrat party in Pennsylvania, never very harmonious, is likely to have much trouble from its leading men in the near future. Ex-Senator Wallace, ex-Speaker Randall and Attorney-General Cassidy are regarded as the heads of the three fractions into which the party will probably split. Wallace bounds his ambition by the Presidency only; Randall wishes a re-election to the Speakership to help him on toward the White House, and Cassidy has aspirations for the United States Senate. As the ambitions of these three men are certain to conflict, harmony among the Pennsylvania Democrats will probably be at a discount for some years to come.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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The Coshocton Age

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The Senate Vote on the Tariff on Wool.

For an increase of the tariff, 16 Republicans, 3 Democrats, and 1 Independent; against the increase of tariff, 14 Republicans and 26 Democrats. He who runs may read.

Democratic Testimony.

Let every wool grower in Coshocton county understand that in the final and decisive contest in the Senate on Mr. Sherman's motion to raise the duties on wool, 14 Republicans voted for it, while of the Democratic Senators 26 voted for the reduction of the duties on wool, and only 3 for increase. This is the record. Let our Democratic friends who are complaining, study these figures. The Republicans of Ohio in Convention assembled resolve in favor of a restoration of the tariff of 1867. The Democracy are silent upon that point.—*Editorial in Standard-Commonwealth (Dem.) July 28 1883.*

The State Fair receipts were $29,760.25.

John Sherman calls things by their right names when exposing the wool scorcher sent out by Mr. Bargar's committee.

We print in this paper Sheriff Miller's official proclamation of the October election, which occurs two weeks from next Tuesday.

The financial condition of the Klinker and his Mushroom rag must be frightful when he so boldly attempts to blackmail honest citizens.

Mr. Walker no doubt approves the blackmailing tactics of the Mushroom rag, but honest men will set down, and that heavily, on such acts.

Mr. Walker is persistent in asking Republicans to vote for him upon personal grounds, but up to date he has not explained that $300 business; nor has he commenced suit.

The Pennsylvania Legislature is still grinding, but the statesmen comprising it have had the goodness to volunteer their services from now until adjournment, free of charge to the tax payers.

The moral grandeur of the laws against tippling passed by the Democratic legislature shine like the stars when they are compared with the Scott law.—Cadiz Sentinel.

Yes, the repeal of the Adair law, for instance.

Over in Guernsey county they have three Democrat papers, yet an enthusiastic temperance meeting in the interests of the second amendment did not receive a word of notice from them. The inference is that the Democratic organs are all opposing the second amendment movement.

The Coshocton Democrat has not the nerve to say whether or not it desires the repeal of the Scott law. Jud Hoadly is frank enough to say he desires it, and that he wants a graded license law, the minimum to be $5 and the maximum $50. Will the Democrat have the kindness to inform its readers where it stands on this question?

The Commercial-Gazette pays its complements to John R. McLean, of the Enquirer, in this style: "When a young man's intellectual activity is so great that his hair falls off, and hair elixers are in vain, and his nervous excitability is so great as to cause his eyes to stick out like spy-glasses, and his color varies from that of boiled lobster to raw liver, his friends have occasion to be alarmed."

Georgia has a law against the circulation of obscene literature, and the beauty of the matter is that they enforce it. Last week an agent for the Police Gazette went down there to work up the interests of that paper, and before he could say Jack Robinson, he was arrested and fined $1000 and sentenced to one year in the chain gang. Ohio and other highly moral Northern States can here learn a lesson from this benighted (?) Southern State.

Ex-Governor Noyes upon being interviewed a day or two ago, after returning from a trip through the Western Reserve, where he had been stumping in the interests of the Republicans, said, "We'll not leave a grease spot of them." Governor Noyes has stumped the Reserve year after year. His judgment is that the tremendous Republican vote of the Northeast will all be out. He has not had such meetings in that section before except in a Presidential year, and looks upon that as a certain sign of a full vote.

The columns of The Age attest the fact that the business men of our town and advertisers abroad recognize that through our columns they can reach the greatest number of people. When a newspaper enjoys a substantial circulation none find it out sooner than the advertisers. But while our columns bear evidence of the value of The Age as an advertising medium, the rights of the readers are in no wise interferred with, but on the contrary they are benefitted and receive this week a ten page newspaper, consisting of 70 columns. No other paper in Eastern Ohio ever attempts such enterprise.

The Mushroom has added to its fraudulency the arts of a blackmailer, and loudly boasts that unless Mr. W. H. Crawford ceases his opposition to Mr. Wm. Walker, its candidate for Treasurer, it will expose a chapter from Mr. Crawford's life that will be greatly against him. Of course it is simply a blackmailing threat, to which Mr. Crawford and his friends will not give heed. The Mushroom and its satellites and parasites are held in the proper estimation by the people, and the disreputable and thug like swindling propensities of the Klinker will not make honest men deviate from the proper course.

B'riar Wilkins hunted up a reporter while in New York, and by dint of setting up the beer, induced the knight of the quill to telegraph to his paper some political wisdom as the Congressman from Tuscarawas doled it out, which was to the effect that Ohio Democrats were especially hopeful, especially Wilkins, and that victory was in the air. But B'riar has returned to the mud-bound village of Uhrichsville, and upon being interviewed by a correspondent of the Enquirer is less hopeful, and insists that he is not in position to impart anything of an encouraging nature. We are not surprised, but we would like to hear the cause of the great B'riar's sudden change from the pinnacle of hopefulness to the depths of despair.

Two years ago the Auditor and Commissioners of Tuscarawas county were at loggerheads, and disagreed as to their authority. The Commissioners ordered the annual exhibit to be published in papers of their choice, and the Auditor insisted he had the right to direct where it should be published, and as a result it was published in four newspapers, none of which received pay therefor because of the belligerant positions assumed by Commissioners and Auditor. The matter was taken into the Common Pleas Court, where the Auditor was sustained.

The Commissioners took an appeal, and now the District Court has just rendered a decision affirming the finding of the lower court; and the fact is established that the Commissioners have no control of printing to be given out by the Auditor.

The wool growers are pretty well posted on the free trade tendencies of the Democratic party, and are well aware that if the Democrats had their way they would reduce the tariff on wool to such a point as to result in practical free trade; yet it is well enough to continue to impress it upon their minds.

In 1882 Senator Bayard, of Delaware, who is regarded as the leader of his party in the Senate, introduced this resolution:

Resolved, That from and after the first day of November, 1882, the duty upon all wool shall not exceed 25 per centum ad valorem, and the duties upon all manufactures of wool or of chief values shall not exceed 50 per centum, ad valorem, and all laws inconsistent herewith, are hereby repealed.

Every Democrat Senator, including Geo. H. Pendleton, voted for that resolution, which meant not more than 6 cents per pound protection. Now we have 10 and 12 cents per pound protection and the demagogues are raising a frantic cry. Their deception is plain and will fall short of the mark.

The friends of prohibition in this county aim to keep it out of politics, and men of all parties are found actively working for the success of the second amendment. At the county Convention the Chairman and the Secretary were both Democrats, and the State Central Committeeman for this county is a Democrat. Many active Republicans are also allied with the movement. But it strikes us the non-partisan feature may be carried to far, and Democratic voters are likely to vote for prohibition with one hand while with the other they vote to defeat the amendment if it shall be adopted. Mr. Bargar is an open and avowed opponent of the prohibition movement, and is the author of the license plank in the Democratic State platform, and if elected will oppose all legislation tending to further restrict, restrain or prohibit the liquor traffic. As Chairman of the Democratic State Committee he accepts the forces of the State Liquor Dealers Association as allies to defeat the Republicans, because of their stand on the temperance question; and on every occasion and by all means he opposes temperance movements of any nature. On the other hand, Mr. Love is a life-long temperance man, and can be depended upon to assist in giving us laws to enforce the prohibition amendment if adopted; and if it fails, will surely vote against the repeal of the Scott law, against which the saloonists and Democrats have declared war. These are the facts, and we cannot understand how any temperance Democrat who is earnestly favoring the second amendment can at the same time cast his ballot for Mr. Bargar.

PUBLIC OPINION.

WITH HOADLY IN RESERVE.

From the Wheeling Evening Journal.

We rather like Ohio for one thing. It is not necessary for Republicans to spend any money on elections. Johnny McLean is better than a dozen Republican bar'ls.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

From the Dayton Democrat.

The Philadelphia Times says that in order "to ride the McLean trick mule Hoadly needs longer legs or shorter stirrup-straps." The suggestion is good enough in its way; but a better one is to drive the unruly critter into Republican pasture, where he belongs.

A GENERAL OPINION AMONG DEMOCRATS.

From the Washington Post.

Judge Hoadly's Philadelphia doctor says he can go back to Ohio the last of this week' but if our Columbus correspondent's judgment is well founded he might as well stay at the sanitarium till the campaign is over.

DISGUSTED WITH OHIO.

From the Troy Telegram.

If it were not for Judge Hoadly, rips out the Boston Post, whom we greatly respect, and who has striven hard for success, we should say let Ohio go to the dev——. A crushing Democratic defeat may purge the party of its McLeans and Bookwalters, its would-be bosses, demagogues and knaves. A victory may only strengthen their purpose to dominate and disgrace the party.

A VARIATION IN THE TUNE.

From the Wheeling Evening News.

The New York Sun has modified its monotonous tune to "the Republican party ought to go," instead of "must go." After Hoadly's obsequies have been decently observed in Ohio, it will probably still further modify its carol to "Will the Republican party please go?"

THE JOLLY CINCINNATI DEMOCRATS.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

When one Democrat meets another Democrat down in Cincinnati, both have a cunning way of dropping the hand on the pistol pocket. While one walks the curb the other climbs over the barrel and boxes next the fence. It is real jolly.

DEMOCRATIC VILLIANAY.

Democracy Will Again Resort to Fraud—Look Out for a Roorback.

Ohio State Journal, Sept. 10.

For some days there have been dark rumors traceable to the Democratic headquarters, to the effect that a document was in preparation to be sprung on the public a short time before the election that would fairly paralyze the Republican party, and destroy utterly all their present bright prospects for success. What the nature of the document is to be we have no means of knowing, but it is safe to assume that it will be a pure fiction made up out of the vivid imaginations of its concoctors. Stories calculated to injure a candidate, or candidates, which are set afloat just before the election, should always be received with the utmost caution, as they are pretty sure to be without any substantial foundation. The trick of the Morey letter in the last presidential campaign will not soon be forgotten, and, if there be any truth in the issue of the rumored document referred to, it is doubtless something of the same character. But when persons or parties are in desperate straits, as the Democrats now are, they are pretty apt to resort to desperate measures for relief.

SPECIAL EXCURSION

To Chicago, Tuesday, Sept. 25, 1883.

The Pittsburgh, Cincinnatil, & St. Louis Railway (Pan-Handle Route) will run another of its popular cheap excursions to Chicago on Tuesday, Sept, 25th. Tickets good returning until Thursday, Oct. 4th, inclusive. The weather at this time of the year is just right for traveling, and you will enjoy a visit to Chicago. For information as to time of trains and low round trip tickets apply to nearest agent of the P., C. & St. L. Ry. Sept. 15 2t

BANNER PRESENTATION.

Mr. F. C. Hay, in a Spirit of Patriotism Presents Richard Lanning Post With an Elegant Banner.

Last Friday evening at F. C. Hay's new hall Mr. Hay presented to Richard Lanning Post, No. 69, G. A. R., an elegant banner, the cost of which was $100.00

A large audience had assembled and at 8:15 o'clock, Post Commander Col. E. J. Pocock, called the meeting to order and Chaplain Trichler offered a neat and forcible prayer, after which the D. Grammar School, with Mr. Steaks as teacher, sang in winsome way that good old hymn "America."

Mr. G. H. Bargar, who had just arrived from Columbus on the evening train, then, in behalf of Mr. Hay, presented the banner to the post.

Mr. Bargar prefaced his remarks by reading the following:

"The historian in mentioning Pompey's expedition into Arabia and Judea and giving us an account of how his army reduced all the cities of Pontus, comes to speak of his triumphal return to Rome he says:

"In this last journey he took possession of all the places in the hands of those to whom Mithridates had confided them. He found immense riches in some of them, especially at Telaurus, where part of Mithridates' most valuable effects and precious jewels were kept; his principle arsenal was also in the same place. Among these were two thousand cups of onyx set and adorned with gold, with so prodigious a quantity of all kinds of plate, furniture and military accoutrements for man and horses that it cost the quitor or treasurer of the army thirty entire days to take an inventory of them.

Pompey granted Pharmaces the Kingdom of Bosphorous, as a reward for his parricide, declared him the friend and ally of the Roman people, and marched into the province of Asia in order to winter at Ephesus. Here he distributed a part of his spoils to his victorious army.

His triumphant entry into Rome continued two days. Three hundred and twenty-four captives of highest distinction marched before his chariot. Captain, king and queens trudged along on foot in order to please the victory of the conquerer and his victorious army."

Captain Bargar then briefly referred to the early wars of our country and to the late civil conflict, and showed in terse and forcible language that while the wars of old and the wars of Europe were always for conquest and gain that our war was simply for the rights of man and for the protection of the institutions of our country. That the spirit of our citizen soldiery was one of patriotism alone, and said he actuated by this spirit, a citizen of our town has presented this Post this elegant banner.

Mr. Bargar was followed by Capt. E. W. James, who accepted it for the Post, and said:

Capt. Bargar:—On behalf of those old soldiers who compose the Richard Lanning Post, I accept this beautiful banner and extend through you to its munificent giver their heartiest thanks; assuring him that it is received by them with emotions of the deepest gratitude and pride, and that they appreciate in the highest degree, not only the beauty and magnificence of the offering itself, but the generous and lofty spirit of patriotism which inspired its donation.

It is accepted as a tribute of honor to the courage and valor of the surviving defenders of a glorious constitutional government.

To the American soldier there is no reward so dear as that of knowing that the hardships and dangers he endured in his country's cause, are remembered and cherished by those who enjoy the blessings his valor secured.

When the dark night of war hung heavily on this distressed land, and an armed throng marched to the distruction of the nation's life, these assembled veterans with their comrades who have fallen, rallied to its relief, and with strong and brave hearts, made battle with its enemies until they were overthrown and the government restored.

Nearly a quarter of a century of prosperous peace has followed as a result of their heroic deeds.

Many of their comrades who returned with them have grown old and passed away. A new generation has almost come up since the conflict closed. Yet they realize that their heroic sacrifices have not been forgotten in this lapse of time. This occasion has called them together, and they are now greeted with this beautiful and befitting tribute to their self-sacrificing devotion to country; an offering which they prize all the more because it comes from the hands of one who was a mere prattling boy when the tragic scenes in which they participated were transpiring. What a noble conception in so young a heart! It evinces a manliness and an elevation of thought and character beyond his years; that one so young, should so highly appreciate, and so generously reward the valiant deeds of those who fought that this government might live, merits for him the highest encomiums of a free people. And how the hearts of these old soldiers must beat with delight at such a recognition and appreciation of their services.

When the war was ended and they returned to their homes, they were met with ovations of joy and gladness by a grateful people; their praise was upon every tongue; they were feasted and banqueted on every hand; they were greeted by fair ones with tears of joy and smiles of approval; it was a time of universal rejoicing. Then they were proud that they had been soldiers in their country's cause; then they felt that their reward was complete. The feeling which then ran so high has long since subsided; the deep scars of war have been smoothed down by time, and the animosities which were generated between the contending sections of the country, have been softened by the genial influences of peace; the minds of the people have been turned from the horrors of war to the peaceful pursuits of industry; the Nation is united and strong and the people are free and prosperous.

In the midst of universal happiness and contentment in the land, these old soldiers of this country are saluted by the young representative of a new generation, who bears in his hands as an offering to them, a beautiful and glorious testimonial of the high regard in which they are held in the youthful hearts of the country. This is the crowning triumph of them all. Surely "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

This is an offering of peace. The radiance of its tri-colored folds, surrounded by its gildings of beauty, and surmounted by that glorious emblem of American liberty, may properly symbolize the grandeur and glory of our free institutions.

These men have received banners before; they have followed banners before; but they were banners of cruel and relentless war; they followed them into the dark cloud of battle, where their folds were lashed and torn in the storm of shot and shell. Now as they march on their civic parades they will proudly bear at the head of their column, this beautiful symbol of peace.

But my comrades there is an element of higher thought and deeper interest that springs from this occasion than that of doing mere honors to men. The question naturally arises in the mind as to whether this structure of government of ours, which is so dear to its citizens, and which has been maintained and preserved at so great a cost, is permanent and enduring; for if it is not, all your sufferings and sacrifices in its defense have been in vain.

The events of this hour furnish to the observing mind the most unmistakable proof of the strength and stability of the institutions you went forth to preserve, as already observed, during the sanguinary struggle for the nation's life in which you participated.

Frank C. Hay, to whom you are indebted for the honor of this occasion, was a mere child. He knows nothing of that conflict except what he gathers from history and tradition. His breast has never been fired by that impetuous spirit of valor which is excited by the alarm of war. He has come up from young boyhood under the influence of these institutions during a period of profound peace; he has been a pupil in the school of American liberty; his mind has been instilled with the spirit of these free institution, and we find him now in his unfolding manhood imbued with the high spirit of patriotism and devotion to country which has been so conspicuously manifested by the honor he has done those who imperiled their lives in his country's cause.

Here is an illustrious example of the ennobling and everlasting influence of these institutions on the minds and hearts of the people.

While Napoleon I was engaged in marking out what he called the Destiny of France, by his brilliant military campaigns, he gathered together in large numbers, the most active and likely boys at the French capital, decked them out with gorgeous uniforms, formed them into battallions and marched them out to witness the proud movements and evolutions of his veterans on parade.

This he did to inspire these youths with a martial spirit and an enthusiasm for the French Eagles, so that when they arrived at manhood, they would make brave and efficient soldiers with which he could fill the ranks of his armies. We need no such schooling to inspire the citizens of this free Republic with a valorous spirit. The first gun that is fired at the nation's flag makes every man a soldier. The youth of the nation early imbibes a spirit of liberty and love of country, and they grow into patriots as they grow into manhood. Here is the key to the problem of our Republican Government. Here lies the Nation's strength. So long as the hearts of the young men of the country beat in unison with the spirit that has been manifested by this young patriot on this occasion, we can feel secure that the government is safe; that it shall never perish from the earth. It is upon such loyal hearts as this that its great superstructure rests. This Republic is no longer an experiment; it is planted upon a firm and enduring basis; it is deeply rooted in the hearts of the people. It will live so long as governments exist among men. It will endure when the nations that trust in standing armies and walled cities have fallen into decay; for

"The sword may pierce its bearer;
Stone walls in time may sever;
'Tis heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free forever."

On behalf of the members of this Post, I again extend to their generous patron, their sincerest thanks for the honor he has done them and express the hope that he may live long to enjoy the blessings of this glorious government, to which he is so devotedly attached.

After the conclusion of Capt. James' remarks, Col. Pocock in a neat way presented the banner to color bearer Mr. Wm. Decker, who in like manner received it, after which the meeting adjourned.

The banner is from the well-known manufactory of M. C. Lilly & Co., of Columbus, and is truly a beauty. It is made of the best of silk and is shield shaped. The national colors—red, white and blue,—compose the ground work and the edges are trimed with elegant gold fringe. The staff is tastefully trimmed and is surmounted by a gilded eagle, the emblem of American liberty.

Mr. Hay is certainly deserving of all the handsome things which it pleased Capt. James to say of him and which it pleased the people to hear.

LETTER FROM COLUMBUS.

Farrand Indulges in Political Chit-Chat.

A Few Things About the Temperance Movement and the Tariff Question.

Columbus, O., Sept. 19, 1883.

POLITICAL POINTERS.

The city has been remarkably quiet of late: It is as quiet as a duck-pond now. The election of Foraker, now a fore-gone conclusion, has made every thing tranquil in Republican circles. Even the Democrats have gotten over their cold sweat, are getting dry behind their ears, and are beginning to feel resigned. They are badly scared, however. Indications are that this will be an unusually quiet election, unless the Democratic ward-bummers attempt to make a disturbance. But that is not likely when the game is all against them. The latest stir the Democrats have made is to call a meeting of the independent colored voters; the call was headed by a Democratic voter of the colored kind, and many white Democrats were on the list. A Republican's name appeared on the list but without his sanction; he pronounces it a forgery and says he does not want to "'sociate with such white trash."

Allen O. Myres, the Democratic candidate for member of the House of Representatives from this county is still in water—up to his ears. There has been no candidate in late years who has had the abuse heaped upon him that Myers has had to stand in this campaign. But he deserves it. They claim he always voted the Democratic ticket, but that remains to be proven. At all events there is not a Democrat who has surpassed Myers in heaping greater and more shameful misrepresentations upon the best men of his party. He is now playing a meek and lowly part, like Uriah Heep, and fairly crawling on the ground, because he is a candidate. But if he wins his spurs he will aspire to be a boss, like John R. McLean, his tutor.

And if it is necessary he will knife the best men in his party. He and McLean are working to beat Pendleton at the expense of the Democratic ticket. Bookwalter furnishes the money for Myers' canvass, and Myers is known to be for Bookwalter against any Democrat, in the race for Senator. And so the story goes.

TEMPERANCE TONIC.

The Scott law is the panacea for all ills and is the best that was ever invented for the purpose. It has provisions for prohibition where the people desire prohibition; but the beauty of it is that it applies the tax to the support of poor, and the general revenue fund. The second amendment cannot do that, for it is not retroactive. The Scott law not only covers the ground the Second Amendment if adopted would cover, but it goes farther, and still the Prohibitionists are not satisfied. But, one thing is certain, if the Second Amendment is adopted it will practically do away with the Scott law, according to its provisions, but the Gideon T. Stewart stripe are too blind to see this, or what is as bad, they refuse to see it. None so blind as those who will not see.

The Attorney-General says that the number of voters voting at a State election is determined by the number of names on the poll book. Therefore, nothing is gained, one way or the other, with reference to the success or defeat of a constitutional amendment, by scratching the names of candidates on a ticket voted at the same election at which a constitutional amendment is submitted to the people for rejection or ratification.

All that is necessary is to stand up squarely to the fight and we hope that no Republican will hesitate about going to the polls. All that is necessary to elect Foraker by a rousing majority is for every man to come up to the trough. Get out the full Republican vote and Foraker will have 40,000 instead of only 20,000. Foraker is still working like a beaver and shows no signs of breaking down. He makes a speech every day, and sometimes two or three. He has been called the best stump speaker since Brough.

THE TARIFF CLUB ORGANIZED.

There was a business meeting of the Tariff Club of our city Wednesday evening at which Mr. Sanial who inaugurated the movement two weeks ago, was present. About two hundred names have been procured, and a tariff convention is called for the 20th inst. in this city. Speeches will be made then by Judge Wm. Lawrence, Gen. Green B. Raum, Hon. Wm. McKinley, Hon. A. S. McClure, Ex-Senator Bruce, and Governor Porter, of Indiana.

Mr. Sanial said the question had gotten into politics and would soon be an issue between the Democrat and Republican parties; that it was distinctively a Republican issue; that the matter is spreading rapidly, and the recruits are wheeling into line. There seems to be little doubt that the movement will have an extensive following, as it is fostered by the very best business men and manufacturers.

ONE WORD MORE.

We wish to say one word more on the temperance issue. The temperance people who vote for the second amendment are voting to restore the old privilege of free trade in whiskey. Prohibition in the constitution will not amount to shucks unless stringent laws are passed in conformity therewith by a legislature chosen for that purpose. And it is altogether improbable that a square cut prohibition legislature can ever be chosen in this state. Hence, if the second amendment is adopted, the effect will be to knock the underpinning from the Scott law and cut off all revenue derived from that act, throwing the State into about the same position it has occupied for thirty years as regards the liquor traffic. The first amendment is the one to vote for. The adoption of the first Amendment—legislative control—would insure the continuance of the Scott Law, or perhaps the passage of an out-and-out license law which would accomplish the same purpose as the Scott Law. The adoption of the Second Amendment would kill the Scott Law and thereby give us free trade in liquor until a legislature could—if ever—be elected to pass stringent prohibitory laws. Therefore, the most sensible thing to do would be to vote for the first amendment. A word to the wise is sufficient. Farrand.

Flockmasters and Flocks.

There's a vast deal of nonsense, I've noticed of late,
About the flockmasters and flocks;
And the turbulent state of the Democrats' pate
Is worse than a scare of smallpox.
They wiggle and howl as they bleat about wool,
And claim to be wondrously wise;
When in truth you will find their leaders are blind,
And are pulling the wool over their eyes,
For they cry out Ba-a-a-a,
The followers cry Ba,
And follow them into the fold,
Yet I'm sadly afraid that the most fuss is made
By the "scalawags" out in the cold.

There's good Durbin Ward, a plucky old ram
Who is surely crowded out of his share;
He stands by the gate and so plaintively bleats
He is sore, but I wont say where.
Oh, pity the faithful old hero, now!
As he stands with his back to the blast;
Oh, the shepherds heed not, the old soldier's forgot!
Yet he stays to be "fleeced" to the last;
But he still cries Ba-a-a-a,
And they answer him Ba,
As they quietly munch in their stalls,
And his feeble complaint, grows fainter and more faint,
As they mockingly answer his calls.

There's that fine little lamby, so frisky and sweet;
You'll perceive 'tis the Mushroom I mean;
He's fed taffy and milk, till those of his ilk
Say the kid is most blamed hard to wean.
He's blanketed and stalled, and still he cries ba-a,
'Tis only to be in the style;
He cares not a sou for the Democrat ewe
Who is out in the storm all the while,
For the one cries Ba-a-a
And the other says Ba-a
And glares through a chink in the wall,
But the lamb will feed on till the old ewe is gone,
He then hopes to make a big haul.

There's Hoadly, the buck, who is imported stock,
The entry cost thousands in cash,
And if the Democrat herd does not fancy their lord
They will fancy the sound of the lash.
The bars tumbled down and let him into the fold,
They received him with arms open wide,
But I tell you they'll know, ere they much older grow,
He's a wolf in a sheep's woolly hide;
But he says Ba-a-a-a-a,
And the sheep say Ba-a,
While the beer-slingers answer the call
With a faint Bah-ah-ahr, like the goats that they are,
For their horns they can not hide at all.

But friends, one and all, laying jokes all aside
I will tell you the reason why
The Democrats voted 'gainst reduction as quoted,
IT STILL LEFT THE TARIFF TOO HIGH.
Had the tariff been placed at twenty per cent
Or even LOWER reductions been made,
Democrats with huzzas would have altered the laws,
And opened the way for free trade.
And still they cry Ba-a-a,
Free traders cry Ba-a,
And the chorus swells long, loud and deep;
But it will not be long till they alter their song,
And cuss the poor innocent sheep.

—IRA L. SHARBE.

Surveyor-Boy and President.

Young People's Life of George Washington, by William M. Thayer. Elzevir edition, 466 pages, brevere type leaded, with illustrations. Extra cloth, 50 cents; half Russia, red edges, 65 cents.

No other name has received such universal homage as that of Washington. Edward Everett spoke but the verdict of the world when he pronounced Washington "of all the men that have ever lived, the greatest of good men, and the best of great men." Frederick the Great, whose own name ranks with Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, declared his deeds to be "the most brilliant of any in the annals of military achievement."

Whether as school boy, surveyor boy Indian fighter member of Congress, Commander-in-Chief, or President, his life was full of striking incident, and ever an example to thrill and inspire any youth whose heart pulsates with the free and vigorous blood of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Mr. Thayer, the author of the present work, just published, has proved by his world famous lives of Lincoln, "From Pioneer Home to the White House," and of Garfield, "From Log Cabin to the White House," a writer whose pen is wonderfully adapted to its theme. He writes with an enthusiasm worthy of his subject; with vividly drawn pictures of the times and scenes through which Washington passed, quoting the language of his friends and contemporaries and enriching the pages with appropriate illustrations and anecdotes, he makes the times and characters seem present realities to the reader. His book will at once be accepted as one of the best of the lives of Washington, not for young people only, but for older folks as well. It is not sold by dealers, but only direct by the publisher, who will send a 100-page descriptive catalogue of his attractive and famously cheap publications. John B. Alden, publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

"ALL IS VANITY,"

...acheth "Gath," After His Brief Sojourn in Newport.

...denized Pharisees, Impenitent ...nblicans and Unregenerated Waiters--Cottage Carts and Polo Playing---The Bill to Foot.

...orge Alfred Townsend in Cincinnati Enquirer.

...ast Saturday and Sunday I took in Newport, R. I. This is perhaps the stupidest ...ce of a reputation along the sea coast of ... United States. Nature has done every...ng to make it beautiful. Snobbery and ...pidity have sacrificed its beauties and ...ned into a sounding formality what might ...ve been a common meeting place of New ...rk and Boston and the cosmopolitan ...rld.

...No town has had so much written about it ...Newport, and none so completely stupefies ...only visitors, but apparently its residents ...o. There is but one hotel in the town with ...assumption of being first class, and it ...nds just on the edge of the cottage or villa ...trict, and also removed from the business ...l citizen quarter, and here a block or two ...stores have been put up containing such ...tters as the cottagers may want, such as ...fectionery, bakeries, trimmings, a drug ...re and four or five shops for bric-a-brac, ...na and contemporary ornamentation to ...t the present day. Along this block or two ...visitor wanders, peeping into the same ...res again and again, and he finally comes ...the conclusion that nearly all the people ...the town are dead, and that they are al...ed to break their spell about an hour in ...afternoons and come forth corpses and ...o around until they get their signal some...y or other, and then glide back into their ...ves, and so must expiate in the present ...sins of the summer season in the weird ...t. It has been remarked that the faces of ...se people as they ride are screwed up into ...athlike solemnity. In the extravagant ef...s to make a perfect imitation of the latest ...glish pronunciation, and at the same time ...hold their eye glasses in the socket of their ...s, they seem to exercise all their permitted ...ality during the times when they are al...ed to walk abroad. As they pass the ...an house, the principal hotel, they turn ...re corpse-like than ever, as if some special ...se lay in wait for them there. A glassy ...comes over their eyes, their chins ...gthen out, they look neither to the left nor ...t, and the word seems to pass along the ...d line: "Yonder is a publican sitting on ...hotel porch; thank God we are not as ...s."

...n the other hand, the publicans are ex...nely miserable, as can be noticed when ...look through the dining-room at the ...waiters, all negroes, who seem to have ...ome stupified at the sight of these daily ...ses going past, and they have reached the ...rene height of forgetfulness in a darkey ...ter. Ever since the close of the war the ...ro has been losing his memory. Fifteen ...rs ago he could bring you an order of five ...es. He slided back until it was beyond ...power to remember more than three ...es of the same order, and I saw the stu...dous performance at Newport of a waiter ...upper actually forgetting an order of one ... Being told to bring cold roast beef he ...ught cold corn beef, and when sent back ...rned with cold chicken. The head ...ter, or the assistant head waiter as it may ...e been, seemed to me to be wholly outside ...is wits. People would complain at the ...e of imperfect serving that they got ...hing that they ordered, and not much that ...y did not order; the assistant head waiter ...ld walk to the sill of the kitchen, look in ...h his mouth open as if he were afraid to ...r, walk back a few steps and look timor...sly at the offended guests, then walk up ...room and confer with the head waiter, ...so the solemn ceremonial seemed to be ...g on during the two days I stayed there. ...uld attribute all this absence of mind to ...ing but highly artificial conditions in the ...osphere. Whatever nature has put it in ...mind of man to do nobody at Newport ...t do. Nature has made there two excel...beaches, one in particular as good as ...I saw, with a fine hard bottom, splendid ...and no undertow; but when you go to ...beach you see a beggarly array of servant ...s and excursionists from Providence put...on bathing suits for which they charge ...n 13 cents to 25 cents, as if in the yawn...chasm between Democracy and aristo...y at Newport nobody outside of the high ...d dared change enough for any thing. ...the other hand, the Newport high-toned ...ple seem to spend their days driving ...ons which no respectable man brought up ...he light American wagon would be seen ...lucting. You will observe some young ...w with a high two-wheeled cart, which ...s to be lifting the horse off his front legs ...t of the time desperately endeavoring to ...o his lady up Bellevue avenue, and a ...flunky, overdressed in [illegible] ...ow cloths, will be solemnly sticking on ...nd, all of them looking as if there were ...sible nooses around their necks and they ...o presently going to be swung up like ...or André when the cart is pulled away ...under them. Those who do not have ...carts ride in what appear to be var...ed dry goods boxes, suspended low to the ...nd, and likewise two-wheeled. These ...gs they call cottage-carts, and you can ...wo women trying to Londonize it with ...heir might, timorously going behind some ...mare or pony and aping the motions of ...ing a carrot or half a cabbage at some of ...mall stores in the town.

...ow and then you see a woman endeavor...o drive a pair of horses and the agony ...her countenance is wonderful to behold. ...has been told that all high-bred women ...inate by driving a pair, and you can see ...grooms and others come out to near the ...of the little lanes as madam turns into ...great avenue, to watch her off, and she, ...that corpse-like countenance I have ...tioned, made somewhat more pallid by ...an fear, proceeds a sort of zig-zag down ...venue, the horses themselves somewhat ...d by wondering what they have got ...nd them and why it is so. Undoubtedly ...air at Newport is as fine as one can get ...the seaside in this country, but even ...bent and genial air, with no sociability ..., soon becomes foreign air, and every ...y that breathes it seems to be in exile in ...own country. That the vices do not ...rt from Newport because of the extent ...no style there is evident in the evenings, ...n, by pairs, you will find what look to ...e nursemaids of these exclusive famil... stealing through the town on a sly street ..., resol... [illegible] ...went to see ... of polo played at Newport ... [illegible] ... to within ...ter of a mile or so of the place, and, see...most of the people turning into a piece of ...ds, we followed them, imagining that it ...the way to the gate where we should ...our entrance fee. But we suddenly ...d ourselves emerging upon a high plat...n of rocks ... of the polo plain, ...yet affording a ... view of the ...e than any body could possibly have in ...burning sun around the track, roasting ... [illegible] ...ning more than the old ... of skinny ...andy, ... from the back of a horse, ...re the ... to look on there ...some shade and green grass, and perhaps ...hundred persons were there assembled, ...nly of a very respectable character, and ...majority ladies and little girls. It is so ...y around Newport that ... [illegible] ...ch has any further interest in polo walks ...the rocks and looks over quietly like ...e boys who crawl under the circus tent or ... from the top of a wall. ...e of your readers have ... [illegible] ...ed. It is a tame affair, though no doubt it requires both horsemanship and horses.

The game had hardly begun when one young fellow went off his horse like a shot, and the first human sound that I seemed to have heard in Newport was that of pity from the constrained spectators. He had attempted to ride up sidewise on the ball, and his saddle turned with him. The horses must, it seems to me, become sprung and worthless after they are used awhile for this game. There are six or eight players, one-half on each side, wearing tight-fitting suits of different colored stripes. They ride out to the middle of the field, which is perhaps an eighth of a mile long, and then a boy who keeps the count at a guillotine on one side throws the ball, and the red striped fellows try to drive it up one way and the blue striped fellows the other way, and to make a run the ball must pass through wickets not very far apart. Hence the horses, after a good shot has been given, are put to the gallop to catch the ball and then are stopped short, and they are constantly going up with speed, to be arrested in mid course, and a large proportion of the blows intended for the ball fall upon the poor animals' legs. The horses are therefore tied about the legs with flannels, and now and then when the long armed rake misses the ball it gives the horse a tremendous whack, which can be heard in the outermost bounds. In this sort of exercise it is almost impossible to show any picturesque riding. The players at times are all together, and, as they must look out not to break each other's heads, there are pauses in the game while they are trying to take the ball out so as to give it the proper shot. After seeing the movement made a few times the performance grows very monotonous.

I have found that the summer business has not only received a backset this year from the climate and from the business conditions, but that our people are heartily tired of the preparations they have to make to get out of town every summer, and at the huge bills they have to face, which are inevitably greater than those at home. Fifty dollars a week is the least that a very small family can expend, in this annual tramp for nothing in particular, away from comfortable beds and choice food. Then there are the fares going and coming, and with the greatest economy the summer bills for two months will amount to $500. This will be swelled by the preparations for the summer, by bath-house or carriage charges, and the family will return home to find that they have really profited very little by the change. A little trip in September, when these big hotels are closed up or making nothing, is just as advantageous to the health, discloses the people at the country at their avocations, and in general yields better climate for pleasure than hot mid summer.

How Kate Greenaway Works.

Margaret Sydney in Wide Awake.

In London, big and smoky, with its dun-colored fog-wreaths, lives and works Kate Greenaway, the artist whose pictures have made the whole world that lies akin to the heart of child, acknowledge the power of her genius.

Her magic pencil has transformed even our American home midgets into the quaintest and loveliest of little antiques, with their "Mother Hubbard" and "Greenaway" gowns, and their sailor and grandfather costumes. Her name is a household word; her dictum as powerful as that of a court designer, her modes as closely followed in the world of fashion, and the larger world lying without, that would be fashionable, as those of a Worth.

In speaking of her daily work, which is from 9 until 2, she said that each of her imaginative designs is wrought out by a hard, laborious process. She plans out all the little robes and quaint bonnets and funny old cloaks, to the minutest detail of each bow and ribbon and band, and she smiled as she pointed to them hanging there around the studio wall, so motionless then, but soon to be alive again with charming curves and airy grace, when obedient to the little creatures within.

The little models have to be tied and buttoned, and pinned into the quaint garments, to pose with many rests between; but the artist, with tireless pencil, must go over and over in dry drudgery, each line and curve, altering here, improvising there, spending hours upon one little detail, that the whole may be perfect. Is it any wonder that the diminutive figures seem to walk, to speak, to pirouette and masquerade?

Fashion in Buildings.

Demorest's Monthly.

The craze for Queen Anne decoration and house furnishing naturally led to a demand for houses built after the designs of the architects who lived during the reign of that queen, so all over the country we have had homes, villas, and even churches erected in that style. But at length Americans are beginning to tire of this variety of edifice, which, indeed, has been overdone. There are fashions in architecture, as in dress. The late Bayard Taylor said that, in traveling through this country, it was easy to see when the various settlements were commenced. The exterior appearance of the houses told the story. The gabled edifices belong to the old colonial period; the pillars extending to the roof and inclosing the large piazza was characteristic of the sunny south in the days when slavery flourished; the mansard roof once all the rage, marked an epoch of its own. And so through the other variations, each popular in its day, now obsolete. No one style of house structure is suitable for this vast country of ours. A southern dwelling should be entirely different from a northern home. An Atlantic slope villa would be out of place on the Pacific coast, while a mountain chatelet would be an anachronism in a low lying valley. The national architecture of America, when it is developed, will be as varied as the surface of our country.

Ingenuous Advice.

Philadelphia News.

"You certainly play very well," said the music teacher, encouragingly, "but you have not had good instructions. If you will promise to practice four hours daily I will make an artiste of you in two years and only charge you my regular rates. By the way, where do you live?" "Right next door; just got board there." "Oh! ah! yes—I forgot to say that your fingering is bad, and it is now too late to correct it. Take my advice and give up music altogether."

An intemperate citizen of Rochester calls his stomach "Hades," because it is the place of departed spirits.

The Paper Era.

Chicago Times.

From statistics recently published it appears that there are in the world no fewer than 3,9[illegible] paper mills, producing every year 950,000 tons of paper. [illegible] about one half [illegible] 476,000 [illegible] of paper, nearly [illegible] are used in newspapers. The various governments consume in official business 100,000 tons; schools, 90,000 tons; commerce, 120,000 tons; industry, 90,000 tons, and private correspondence another 90,000 tons. Including women and children the paper trade employs 192,000 hands.

Blasted Hopes.

Texas Siftings.

An Austin landlord, who was in a tight place financially, sent his son, a rather fresh young man, to the tenant to collect the rent. On the young man's returning in a hilarious mood, the father exclaimed:

"Thank Heaven you are back, and with the money, I hope."

"He couldn't pay all of it right then, so I consented to take half of it."

"That's all right. Give it to me."

"He didn't have [illegible]"

They have a neat way of putting things in Cincinnati. Witness The Cincinnati Commercial, which saith: "A Kansas City man keeps a cocked revolver under his pillow, and the ear on which he usually sleeps is now [illegible]"

DECORATING WITH FIRE

A Weird Experience in a Philadelphia Chemist's Laboratory.

Philadelphia Times.

"There are rumors," said the reporter, "that singular doings take place here, and some folks are even superstitious about them."

Mr. Maxwell, who was in his shirt-sleeves, replied: "There is nothing supernatural in anything here. Step with me into the back room for a moment."

The reporter did so and found himself in a den in which he could not see his hand before him.

"Would you like your photograph taken?" said Mr. Maxwell. The reporter having no objections, Mr. Maxwell lighted a magnesium wire and placed him between it and an ordinary-looking glass board that seemed like a stray transom window. When the light expired and the room was once more in total gloom that ordinary-looking piece of glass shone out with a pale blue glow, resembling a weak electric light, and in the center of it, in sharp black silhouet lines, stood a profile of the reporter's face. The whole process occupied about two minutes. Mr. Maxwell went into the front room and returned with what looked like a stucco bust of Madonna. There was nothing about it remarkable, except that the white veil was a shade whiter than the face.

Mr. Maxwell ignited another magnesium wire and held the bust before it for a few seconds. Then the room was left once more in Cimmerian darkness, but when the reporter turned toward Mr. Maxwell he beheld a weary, wan face shining with a brightness that seemed supernatural, while around the head lay folds of a thick black veil. The pale, shining face of that Madonna was something to haunt one for a lifetime. The next thing Mr. Maxwell did was to light the gas and pick up the crucifix from the floor. Holding it over the jet for a few seconds he turned out the light, and there in the darkness shone with a soft brilliancy a figure of the suspended Christ. The dead face, the muscles of the outstretched arms and limbs, indeed every outline of the drooping figure shone forth distinctly amid the blackness, while in another corner the meek face of the spectral Madonna shone calmly down upon the crucifix. "You see," said Mr. Maxwell, "all these things appear strange, but the explanation is very simple. These Madonnas and crucifixes are simply made of a compound capable of absorbing light like a sponge and throwing it out again in a subdued form in the darkness. The invention is a new one, and Philadelphia has the credit of it, but experiments with phosphorescence are by no means new. Three hundred years ago a shoemaker in Bologna racked his wits to solve the soft mystery of phosphorescence, but he failed, and that was one shoemaker who ought to have stuck to his last.

"Subsequently other scientists took up the study, until now we have found that we can actually mix up a brilliant phosphorescent compound that will absorb light and throw it back in a very much longer time than it took to absorb it. This luminous paint is a preparation produced by the calcination of certain substances, and although phosphorescent in its qualities it contains no phosphorus. I will show you here a sign labeled 'Danger' in big letters. If that were exposed to the sunlight it would shine all night. How invaluable would such an article be in railway stations or at rail crossings of any kind! If such a sign had been used in the Ring theatre in Vienna when the gas went out the people might have been able to see their way to the various exits and the terrible loss of life would not have happened."

The Decay of Literary Boston.

Boston Daily Advertiser.

The golden era of our literature is about to close, although Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Whittier, Mr. Parkman, Mr. Winthrop, The Atlantic Monthly, and their publishers are still with us. On the other hand, some excellent publishing, formerly peculiar to Boston, has gone elsewhere. Within recent years Boston has lost The North American Review, which, as a quarterly, aimed at the highest scholarship and the best literature of the country. A like fate has befallen The American Law Review, which has gone to St. Louis, and leaves Boston so much poorer. We have also lost Emerson and Longfellow, as well as Fields, whose name has reflected so much honor and credit upon Boston publishing. Nor have their places been filled by better men. Bancroft's history is no longer published in Boston. Boston depends upon other cities for the best medical, legal and scientific journals. And also in law books as well as history, we have lost ground, absolutely and relatively, as far as publishing goes. Nor should the fact be disguised that Boston contains at the present time comparatively few book collectors of the highest type. Probably few private gentlemen in Boston make it a point to collect a library of English history, of poetry, of the ancient classics, or of a great specialty.

Garfield's Death.

"Gath" in New York Tribune.

Mr. "Con" Jones, proprietor of the Elberon hotel at Long Branch, was rehearsing to me the summary of Garfield's death at his hostelry, nearly like this: "He came here one afternoon and stayed about two weeks. I saw him carried to the cottage, and the difference in his emaciated face from the strong, boyish, country fed man who had left me a few months before and whom I saw review troops in front of the house, affected me with an immediate belief that he would die. His eyes seemed to recognize me as he was carried upstairs. I said to Dr. Agnew: 'The president is a doomed man.' 'I guess you are right,' answered the doctor, 'but we will try.' He died one evening just after I had sent mustard to him. I had told some one that I thought he was going out that hour. A reporter started to pass the guard to see if it were true. As he reached the guard line I heard the word sounded suddenly in the night, 'Dead.' Then another voice took it up, 'Dead.' I leaned back against this building where we are and said to myself, 'Dead, so ends a triumph.' In a minute the telegraph wires were seized on behalf of the government and immediately passed over to a favorite reporter to beat his tribe."

An Extreme Case.

Texas Siftings.

There is no class of people so absent-minded as the German professors. Not long since, Prof. Windelhagey, of Berlin, one of the greatest scientists living, entered his lecture-room, for the purpose of delivering his usual morning lecture on moral philosophy, when his eye fell on a caricature of himself that had been drawn on the blackboard by one of his rascally students. In his absent-mindedness the professor imagined he was already in the room, he quietly withdrew, and returned to his residence.

Unlike the Rest.

Boston Globe.

In his young days Noah Webster had a pretty love romance, a magazine writer tells us. Unlike most of disappointed swains he did not turn to puerile poetry for relief. It took a whole dictionary to express his feelings.

Charity and Egotism.

Chicago Journal.

Victor Hugo contributed 1,000 francs to the victims of the Ischia earthquake. Accompanying the gift was a note characteristic of the colossal egotist. "The catastrophe of Ischia," he says, "is more than an Italian catastrophe; it is more than a human catastrophe, it is a universal catastrophe. I feel myself touched. I send my mite."

Newspaper Collection Craze.

Boston Globe.

To paste newspaper headings in a large scrapbook is the latest freak of the collection [illegible] all over the country.

GAMBLING AT LONG BRANCH.

The Heavy Play by Wall Street Men---Faro the Favorite Game---"Plunger" Walton.

Corres. Chicago Inter Ocean.

A casual visitor to Long Branch might easily get the notion that most of the men go there to drive and gamble. These two diversions are so entirely public that the lazy inactivity of the great majority is overlooked. Gaming has always been a feature of the place; now it has suddenly gained extensive and glittering proportions. This is part due, no doubt to the fact that the business has for a year been hampered in this city by Crosby's and Comstock's societies, and the professional gamblers sought the nearest place of a moneyed crowd. There are three so called club-houses, which is another designation for a combination of restaurant and gambling hell. Two of these are among the most pretentious of villas in external appearance, while their inside fittings exceed in cost and taste anything of the kind on the continent. Some exceeding heavy playing is done in these places, besides much that is so only relatively, in view of the inability of the players to bear the losses. The jockeys and other employes of the Monmouth park race course pretty regularly deposit their wages in these banks, and don't often draw anything out. The butlers and coachmen of wealthy summer residents are also to be seen at the tables. But the heavy play, as a rule, is by a Wall street men, who have not left their love of chance behind them in the city. Faro is the favorite game for these chaps, and for the time seasoned old gamblers among the abounding turfmen; but roulette has attained popularity with inexperienced and uncalculating fellows, to whom the payments of thirty-six to one, when a wager wins, are so dazzling that they fail to see the clear and zero percentage of advantage which the game affords the bank.

In addition to the risking of money on the turn of a card or the roll of a ball, the three days of racing every week give me the opportunity to demonstrate, to their own dissatisfaction, the futility of trying to get rich through the medium of the book-makers. These operators are not disposed to part with money once in their hands. They are afraid of "Plunger Walton," simply because he undertakes to work as they do, on information from the stables; and that fact proves conclusively that they have no desire to do business with men who know anywhere near as much as they do of the inwardness of horse racing. Walton is a round blonde man, with a hot temper, a rude manner and entire fearlessness. It was talked, before his departure, that a dreadful fight was to occur between him and Phil Daly, about the ownership of whose gambling hell they had quarreled. According to the programme, Walton was to enter the premises and Daly was to try to fling him out, whereupon the deadly struggle was to take place.

Another report was that the encounter was to be a poker game, to be continued until one lost $25,000 to the other. That would not be an uncommonly desperate encounter, if the rumors as to the poker-playing in the upper rooms of the club house are true.

Shall We Lose Our Toes?

Chicago Inter Ocean.

There is one very unpleasant prospect along the theatrical line of evolution. It is a generally accepted opinion that what nature does not need she gets rid of as rapidly as she is permitted by the condition of affairs. It is upon this proposition that the advocates of evolution base their arguments. A learned geologist assures us that the hoof of the horse some few cycles ago was ornamented, or rather obstructed with toes, even while Mr. Darwin insisted while breath or pen served him that man had not so very long been without a caudal appendage. Accepting this view we may feel a sort of unobtrusive gratitude that an opportunity was provided for getting rid of superfluous tails. But there can hardly be as much pleasure in the anticipation of a time which man will kick off his toes and imitate the example of the horse or—the similitude perhaps being greater—the opinionated mule in the condensation of his pedal extremities. This, however, is the theory advanced by our newest evolutionists. They urge that the civilized toe has forgotten its ancient cunning, and is no longer of practical use to its possessor.

Shoes have done the business. The average toe is a twisted, gnarled and knotted excrescence. They are not obedient to muscular direction; they are without skill or dexterity. The fashionable shoe is reducing the toe to a minimum; crowding the five into a dimension of leather hardly roomy enough for one. The human foot bids fair to pass from its present shape into the likeness of the middle toe of an ostrich, and may eventually become a veritable hoof. It might be better, so. There would be less of it to step on and no purchase for corns. There would be an advantage in this to the kickee, since it is a recognized physiological fact that it is the toe of a shoe creates the moral disturbance, rather than the force of the pedal projection. Moreover, the hoof would afford a practical aid to the system of domestic economy, as small boys might be shod with iron. The more it is considered, the less unpleasant the exodus of the toe becomes. Fashion may in this respect be a benefactor after all.

Women's Rights in Austria.

Franzenbad Cor. Courier Journal.

With the working classes here the women seem to have equal privileges with the men, and in many instances monopolize what in America would be considered their rights. Women gardeners, women water-carriers, women porters, bearing on their backs the weightiest loads, and every day may be seen carts, heavily laden with bottles of the mineral waters for exportation, drawn by six or eight women. But the most novel sight are the women lamp-lighters, who carry their heavy ladders slung over their shoulders with ease, if not elegance, which they mount with agility, and dispatch their work quickly and as soberly as if theirs was the most responsible of all positions. Could the most zealous advocate for "women's rights" demand more? One particular salutation is universal here, with all inferiors, which sounds startlingly to unaccustomed ears like "s'cat;" but which one soon understands is a short way of expressing "Ich kuss die hand." The out-door laboring women usually go bare-foot, with conveniently short skirts, which quite clear the ankles. Their only head-covering is a most unbecoming large black silk handkerchief, one corner flowing down their backs with two ends tied tightly across the forehead and left sticking up like horns. This, too, is the regulation head-dress of the peasantry. Not long since a funeral from the country passed through town on its way to the cemetery, headed by a band playing the "Dead March." A priest in black and white canonicals, with a boy on either side bearing lighted candles, walked immediately behind the hearse; then came forty or fifty men neatly dressed in black, all bare-headed, repeating simultaneously responses to the chanting of the priest, while some distance off followed a large band of women, also in black, wearing this same sanitary-looking head-covering and singing the mournfulest of dirges.

A Generous Giver.

In the fifty-four years that Thurlow Weed was a smoker, he estimates that he must have smoked or given to his friends at least 80,000 cigars.

Obliging.

A little girl on Long Island offered a rather remarkable prayer a few nights ago, when she said, "I do thank Thee, God, for all my blessings, and I'll do as much for you sometime."

Bracing Up.

Chicago Times.

"Simon, you've been drinking again. I smell liquor on your breath, and it was only yesterday you promised me, your fond wife, that you had finally reformed." "Yes, Mrs. Mulberry (hic), but you see (hic) the cholera's a-raging in Egypt (hic), an' it's comin' to this country [illegible] Got to brace up [illegible] time, Mrs. (hic) Mulberry."

MEN OF MILLIONS.

Thirty Rich Men Who Have Died Within the Last Ten Years.

A Record of the Millions Well-Used or Badly-Invested by Benefactors or Misers.

The San Francisco Chronicle says that an afternoon's search among the records disclosed that at least thirty millionaires, all of whom made their fortunes in California, were separated by death from their hard or easily earned money during the past ten years. The list commences with James De Lavenga, whose estate was valued at $3,000,000 for probating purposes, and who died in the spring of 1874. Laveaga made his money in speculating in commercial stock, holding large amounts of gas and water stock at the time of his death.

In the summer of the same year W. B. Bourne, worth $2,000,000, made in mining enterprises, was found dead with a bullet in his brain. In the following year W. C. Ralston gave up the pursuit of money under sad circumstances. The next millionaire who went the way of all flesh, dying in his bed, was E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento, the brother of the living Charles. He left $3,500,000.

After him came John S. Manson, a man who valued his wealth at an even $1,000,000. He died in April, 1876, having spent his life in dealing in real estate. The next millionaire whom death selected as a shining mark was James Lick, who bequeaths to posterity several millions of dollars and five Lick trustees, who have since been jealously guarding the to-be-distributed millions for the insignificant salary of $100 a month.

After that came Mark Hopkins, with money enough to furnish a dozen millionaires. All will remember his money, but fewer the day of his death, which was the 29th of March, 1878. Hopkins did not make his money. The government, the state, the counties and the towns donated it to him. Having broken in upon the railway quartet, death, within one short month, also visited the mining magnates. He pitched upon W. S. O'Brien as the most eligible man, regardless of the ten-million-dollar anchor which bound the departed to the sordid concerns of the world.

In July, 1878, Michael Reese took leave of his millions in California. He died far away in Bavaria. His local monuments are some of the worst looking shanties which ever adorned the architecture of this wooden city. R. B. Woodward, the proprietor of the gardens at the mission, was called away on August 25, 1879. He was a man who, in his own way, had contributed much to the happiness of mankind, and who never obtruded his wealth except in the purchase of some new curiosity. Edward Martin, treasurer of the Hibernia bank, liquor dealer, and owner of $2,000,000 in hard cash, died in May, 1880.

In February, 1880, Henry E. Robinson died at Norfolk, Va. He was worth nearly $2,000,000, one-half of which was in California, where he acquired his wealth. He thought enough of the poor of the city to leave $10,000 for their benefit. It is well to repeat that his bequest was made because the poor, who have never yet received one mill of the money, might forget the fact.

In December of the same year Oakland contributed one to the millionaire congress in the mansion beyond the skies. This was J. Mora Moss, whom cruel death tore away from $1,500,000 worth of property. The year 1881 began with the death of William Meek, a millionaire land owner. Andrew J. Pope, twice a millionaire, all his life long a lumber dealer, next went over to the silent majority.

Louis Strauss, a prosperous merchant, with accumulated wealth worth at least a million, died in February, 1881, and in July, 1881, his competitor, just across the street, William Sahlein, left this vale of tears. He, also, was classed among our millionaires. The names and gifts of the last named two may be found on the books of several charitable institutions.

In 1882 California lost four millionaires. Theodore Le Roy died in March, leaving $1,500,000, an unsigned will, a housekeeper who claimed to be his wife, and a chance for the lawyers to earn a fat fee. H. M. Newhall, worth $1,000,000, died in April. Daniel Murphy, the wealthy San Josean, followed in October. He was a large landholder. Then came Daniel, the brother of Seth, Cook. The month of October was fatal also to him. He left $2,000,000, a young widow, an infant child, and several disappointed speculators in Alta stock.

The current year has been more disastrous than any preceding one to our millionaires. The first to go was D. J. Tallant, the banker. The second was Hugh J. Glenn, the farmer king, who was hurried into eternity by the bullet of an assassin. The third was H. B. Tichenor, a lumber dealer, who left an estate worth just $1,000,000. The fourth and last is Thomas B. Blythe, over whose remains and $5,000,000 half a dozen widows are now weeping.

The Boy that Wears a Watch.

Boston Globe.

The boy that wears a watch is an important character. At school he is envied and on the street he is respected. None of the boys grab him and throw him down, for they might break his time-keeper. He has a way of twisting the chain when he talks, and of looking at his watch when he hears a railroad train, and saying twelve ten, or six-five, or eight-sixteen. The other boys stand around and regard him with admiration. He grows up and probably goes to college with a distinguished air, but in after years he pawns his watch with a man, who as a boy, often stood around and admired it.

High School Girls' Quarrel.

Oil City Derrick.

"I heard Mr. Dudley speak of you yesterday in terms of panegyrical encomium," remarked the high school girl to her dearest friend.

"And what did you say?"

"I coincided with his laudations."

"Well, I always thought you were a friend of mine, but if you allow people to speak about me like that without saying a word, I'll never speak to you again, you hateful thing. So there."

The Fashionable Walk.

Newport (Ky.) Journal.

Some girls can't catch on to the fashionable walk. Why, girls, that's easily done, when you know how. Just walk along slow and lazy-like; give a little shove to the right and left at each step; act as if you had no elasticity in your step, as if each foot were held back by stiff mud and the wind were kind of blowing you back at each step, and you have got it.

An Editor's Flow of Thought.

Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

No, not even an earthquake can disturb the flow of our thought. On the contrary, the flow of our thought has often disturbed earthquakes. The flow of our thought reaches its flood in the midst of earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, tornadoes, thunder-storms, waterspouts, boiler explosions, Fourth of July celebrations, upheaving foundations and tottering walls. The earth may yawn but the torrent of our thought rolls on in all its dignity and grandeur. The flow of our thought was never disturbed but once; and that was when the tidings reached us, at the minute of going to press, on the day after election, that the "elevator had busted and two forms pied."

Pearl Fishing on the Jersey Coast.

Trenton State Gazette.

Pearl fishing is exciting considerable interest at Keyport. Mr. Edward Berlew caught a large one this week. This makes five pearls that he has caught within six weeks. Mr. Charles Kellog also succeeded in finding quite a large-sized pearl on Thursday. He had almost got disgusted looking for them, as he had opened upward of six hundred clams without any success. The clams having pearls in them are of a different shape from the ordinary clam, they having what they call a "crooked nose."

THE BOTTOMLESS SAGUENAY.

A Poet's Moonlight Trip Down the Unfathomless "River of Death."

Joaquin Miller.

This river of death of Saguenay, is bottomless. You might, if possible, drain the St. Lawrence river dry, says Mr. Le Moine, the Canadian authority, and yet this dark, still river would be able to float the Great Eastern and all her majesty's ships of the line. "A bottomless river" sounds strangely new; indeed, were it not so I should not trouble you or myself to mention it. But this river is thus far unfathomed. It is full of counter currents, swift, perilous in the extreme. As the vast red moon comes shouldering up out of the St. Lawrence away above toward the sea and stood there a glowing period to a great day, we draw back from Tadousac, where the ancient church sits in the tawny sand and scattering grass, and, rounding a granite headland, we slowly steamed up the silent river of death. It widened a little as we went forward, but even its mile of water looked narrow enough as we crept up between the great naked walls of slate and granite that shut out these dark water from every living thing. On the right hand great, naked and monotonous capes of slate and toppling granite. On the left hand, granite and slate and granite, and all silent, all new and nude, as if just fallen half finished from God's hand. One mile, two miles, twenty miles, and only the weary wall of granite and slate, only the great massive monotony of nude and uncompleted earth. Now the walls would seem to close in before us and bar all possible advance. Then as we rounded another weary and eternal cape of overhanging granite, in its few frightened and torn trees, the dark way would open before us. And ten, twenty, thirty miles more of silence, gloom, river of death. No sound. No sign of life is here. Summer or winter, springtime or autumn, all seasons alike, no bird, no beast, not even the smallest insect, save only a possible housefly that may harbor in the steamboat and so be brought with you, is ever seen here. This is literally the river of death. I know no spot like it on the face of this earth. Our deserts with their owls, horn-toads, prairie dogs, and rattlesnakes are populous with life in comparison. And yet this awful absence of all kinds of life can not be due to the waters. They are famous for fish of the best kind. The air is certainly delicious. But all this vast river's shore is as empty of life as when "darkness was upon the face of the deep."

And no man has settled here. For nearly 100 miles not a sign of man is seen. You seem to be a sort of Columbus, as if no man had ever been here before you. At every turn of a great granite cape these lines rhymed incessantly in my ears:

We were the first that ever burst
Upon that silent sea.

An hour past midnight and we neared the central object of the journey. Cape Trinity, a granite wall of about 2,000 feet, which in places literally overhangs the ship. Our captain laid the vessel closely against the monolith, and for a moment rested there. We seemed so small. The great steamer was as a little toy, held out there in the hollow of God's hand.

No sound anywhere. No sign of life, or light, save the moon, that filled the canon with her silver and lit the amber river of death with a tender and an alluring light. No lighthouse, no light from the habitations of man far away on the mountains; only the stars that hung above us, looked in the stony helmets of their everlasting hills.

Birdie McHennepin.

Texas Siftings.

Miss Birdie McHennepin is one of the belles of Austin. Her intellect, however, does not tower into the sublime heights reached by Susan B. Anthony, but, to use the cold language of truthfulness, she is very much the same kind of a young lady as Gus De Smith is a young man. Not long since he proposed matrimony. He proposed in good faith, in a solemn, impressive manner, upon which Miss Birdie inaugurated a giggle, until Gus was very much disgusted, and, arising from his knees, his anger found vent in words. He was mad, too—too mad almost to speak. "Miss Hennepin," he finally ejaculated, "with me this is no laughing matter. Why should you see anything ridiculous about it?" "You must excuse me, Mr. De Smith—really you must, for I am not laughing at you; really, now, I am not. I am laughing at ma. Ma's so funny, you know. Really, she is. Just too funny for any use. Yes, I was laughing at ma." "At your ma!" "Yes, you see ma she told me only this morning: 'Birdie, you are so green that some donkey will take you yet,' and here you come—" But he was gone. He was in the past tense. It was he who banged the door so violently. "I wonder," cooed the suddenly deserted Birdie, "I wonder, now, really, if he is offended at what ma said. But, then, ma always was too awful funny for any kind of use."

A Funny Lecture With Comic Pictures.

New York Tribune.

Frank Beard, the artist, appears to extract plenty of fun out of his illustrated lectures at Chautauqua. A correspondent of The Newark Advertiser thus describes one of these lectures: "His panorama, painted, as he himself stated, at a cost of nearly $3, was the basis of his lecture. To describe the pictures would resemble in its effect the drinking of a glass of soda that has stood an hour. In Frank Beard's lectures the buffoonery is too often the prominent feature, but in this case the exuberant humor of the lecture excluded criticism. The panorama creaked along with the awkwardness of a country show, while Beard raved and fiddled and explained and made fun of the C. L. S. C., and other subjects dear to the Chautauqua heart. The pictures were original in their conception. Many of the audience never having seen the Brooklyn bridge, he kindly introduced two views from that structure. One was a view looking up, showing nothing but clouds and stars, and the other looking down, showing merely a dead dog and a barrel floating on the river. Beard is an inveterate punster. His picture of the sun has no rays, but he explained that this was a prodigal sun and he couldn't 'make a raise.'"

A Fact About Water.

Demorest's Monthly.

A curious fact about water is that it is the rust of the metal known as hydrogenium. When oxygen combines with iron it forms a reddish rust, and the metal becomes in time disintegrated. In this condition it is said to be oxidized. Now, water is simply oxidized hydrogenium. This metal is present in the sun and all the planets in enormous quantities. Indeed it is said that the human body is composed of 5½ pails of water, mingled with some lime, iron, and certain salts. Chemistry has revealed to us many marvels, but none greater than the composition of common water.

Timely Warning.

Texas Siftings.

Prof. Roujon, of Paris, comes to the front with the theory that by constant educational training the gift of speech might be developed in many of the lower animals. In the present early condition of our schools, there is little use in discussing the subject with a view to practical results; but it seems that the subject is to be given a fair trial in France. It would be well, however, before carrying the thing too far, to reflect upon the possibilities of neighbors' cats gossiping on the housetops about the shortcomings of their respective owners. Such a thing in France might convulse the republic.

Boyish Generosity.

"No, Bob," said Willie, generously; "that's the largest piece, keep it yourself," and he pushed it back with the expression of a lad who has performed an act that deserved to shine in a dark world.

"Willie," said Bob, casting a peculiar look at his companion from between the half-closed lids of his left eye, "I know what is the matter."

"What?" asked Willie serenely.

"Why, this watermelon ain't ripe."

JUDGE LYNCH.

When Community Feels That Legal Punishment Does Not Always Punish.

A Silent Body of Men With Tightened Lips and Close-Shut Teeth and a Body Swinging To and Fro.

Detroit Free Press.

You may have seen a street riot. That is simply the outer circles of a whirlpool. A shower of brick-bats—a surge up and down—a dozen broken heads—a cry of "police!" and your crowd scatters like sheep, and slinks away like curs.

A mob sets out to resist the authorities. Nine out of every ten men in it are cowards. They boast and brag and encourage, but they keep their own bodies in the back ground. They want to see someone hurt, but they know that law will triumph, and they want to be able to prove that they were simply lookers on. One brave man will walk into a mob and defy and over-awe it.

* * * * * * * *

A brutal outrage has been committed. It is an affair that stirs the blood of sons and brothers and brings a dangerous light to the eyes of husbands and fathers. There is no boasting or shouting. Knots of men gather here and there, and they speak with fierce earnestness, but in low voices. No mob surges up and down—no wild yells rend the air—no cowards furnish drink to excite young men to foolish deeds.

"Lynch him!"

It is not shouted, but spoken in whispers or read in each other's eyes. Every man has obeyed the laws—every man would peril his life in aiding to enforce them, but there is a feeling that legal punishment does not always punish sufficiently.

"Lynch him!"

When men who never partake of a meal without bowing the head in prayer whisper those words, look out! The heart burns and thrills. For the time being law is nothing. Fathers whisper it to sons, brothers to each other, merchants to mechanics. Lips tighten and grow pale, teeth shut close, eyes flash as you never saw them before.

The knots of men swell into groups—the groups consolidate into a crowd. The leader takes his place, and instinctively the crowd realize that he is the proper person. Speeches and orations are not in order—ropes are!

See now! Teeth shut tighter as the crowd moves. Not a man would turn back from a loaded cannon. It moves ahead, but it swirls and hisses and gurgles like a river vexed by rocks. It is the whispers—the quick answers—the pale faces—which tell you what danger lurks in the crowd. A noisy crowd can be scattered. It will fall to pieces of itself. A silent body of men will take your life if every man has to peril his own.

It is the jail. Key or no key, the prisoner must come out. That crowd would have him if a score of grated doors had to be battered down. He does not plead for mercy. One look around him tells him that his life is hungered for with such intensity that prayers would be mockery. He may look up at the harvest moon and the star-studded heavens, but he sees nothing. He is dazed and awed by the grim silence of the band.

"Halt!"

No voice commands, but here is the tree. The whirlpool stands still for a moment. Faces grow a little whiter, but the eyes of every man show a dogged determination that would blaze into desperation if opposed. The noose is rapidly adjusted, there is a falling back, and with a groan of terror and despair trembling on his lips the guilty wretch swings in the air. The creak of the limb—the calls of a night bird—the deep breathing of men—are plainly heard as the body swings to and fro or turns round and round as the death struggle goes on.

* * * * * *

It is morning. Merchants are behind their counters, mechanics at the bench, sons at school. There is no sign that last night was not one of tranquility and peace. Men speak again, women and children laugh as they walk abroad—the cyclone has passed. The jail doors are being repaired—the tree no longer holds a corpse, and a stranger would look upon this face and that and whisper to himself: "What good nature I see in every line of their countenances! They are obedient to law and enforce the best of order."

Riots are the work of demagogues and boasters. Mobs are created by cowards. When men turn out with shut teeth and whispered voices to take the law into their own hands, Judge Lynch has opened court and sentenced a man to die.

An Insane Office-Seeker.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

When Harrison made Webster secretary of state the rage for office in Massachusetts got to fever heat. Among those who went to Washington was a neighbor of Mr. Webster, of habits too convivial for his own good. The secretary did his best to get him to leave Washington, promising the very first office his old friend could fill. But the office-seeker, day after day, went to the state department to ascertain if the office had yet been found. Mr. Webster gave orders not to admit him. One morning he went, determined to know his fate, and his looks showed it. Drawing a large knife, he forced his way to where Mr. Webster sat alone writing. Seeing the maniac, for maniac he was, Webster reached for the bell. Seeing this, the fellow shouted: "Don't touch that bell, Dan Webster, or I'll cut your d—d heart out of you! You have promised to give me an office, and you havn't done it. I have lived here until I have spent every cent I had, and all I could borrow; I have been kicked out of my boarding house, the mortgage on my farm is foreclosed, the homestead, with all the furniture, sold, and my wife and little ones turned out, houseless, homeless, on the world. And now," he said, as he advanced, "all I have to tell you, sir, after such treatment, is to tell you, in the language of the lamented Shakespeare, to go to h—l, d—n you!" Then he left. In what part of the works of the "lamented Shakespeare" the words are found has never been ascertained.

Frauds Who Paid Their Bills.

New York Sun.

A stately and handsome man registered at a California watering place as an English lord. With him were his wife and two daughters. They took the best rooms in the hotel, ordered extra delicacies in food and the finest wines, and in every way common to such resorts spent money without stint. It was soon discovered that their claim to aristocracy was fraudulent, and they departed as soon as the exposure caused a cessation of social exaltation. But they paid all their bills, gave the menials generous fees and betrayed no other reason for the deception than a desire to be lionized. In that they were fully gratified. Their identity was not ascertained, and it is only certain that they possessed wealth, education, and politeness.

How an Eminent Lawyer Wanted to be Shaved.

New York Ledger.

Mr. Charles O'Conor, the distinguished New York lawyer, is not particularly popular among the people of Nantucket, where he is now residing, mainly because he holds himself aloof from them. Nevertheless, they tell many good stories about him. One day he wished to be shaved by the barber who carries on business in the town. Like most members of his craft, the barber is rather talkative. He was vastly pleased to welcome so important a customer, and supposing that Mr. O'Connor would naturally have some preference as to the particular manner in which the operation of shaving should be performed, he thought it prudent to make a preliminary inquiry on the subject. So he began:

"Mr. O'Connor, it's a fine day, sir. I hope you are well, sir. How would you like to be shaved, sir?"

"In silence, sir!" thundered the Nestor of the New York bar, and the wise barber talked no more.

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WOMAN AND HOME.

Fashions Present and to Come---English Women---For the Baby.

Health Hints---Success of American Woman---Odds and Ends---For Husbands and Wives to Think About.

It was 7:25 by the clock in The Tombstone Republican office. The buggy was at the door to take a Tombstone man to the train. His hand was on the knob. "Good-by," he called out. There came from some one upstairs, through the half-open door, a feminine voice, "Good-by." Then he had gone out into the glad spring air, odorous with the foretokens of coming life and musical with the songs of the nest-builders. But there was no song in his heart, no spring hope and light in his life as he took the reins out of the groom's hand and spoke to his horse a sharp "Get on!" And as he rode through the royal avenue that led up to the house this is what he thought: "If I had been a guest Martha would have been up and dressed. She would have laid a spray of fresh flowers at my plate. She would have sat at the table and seen that my coffee was good, and my eggs hot and my toast browned. And I should have at least a parting shake of the hand, and a hope expressed that I would come again and perhaps a wave of the handkerchief from the balcony. And I should have carried away with me that smile that is brighter than the sunshine as the last gift of her gracious hospitality. It is a chance if she would not even have proposed to ride to the station with me to see me off. For she knows, if ever woman did, how to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest. But I am only her husband and I can eat my breakfast alone, as if I were a bachelor, and get my coffee muddy or clear, hot or cold, as Bridget happens to make it, and take eggs hard or soft and toast burnt or soggy, as it chances to come from a careless cook. And nobody cares. And when I go 'Good-by' is flung after me like a dry bone after an ill-cared-for cur. Hoigho! What's the use of being married anyway?"

And this is what she thought as she put the last touches to her hair before her glass, and tried hard to keep the tears back from her eyes before she went down to see that the family breakfast was ready: "I wonder if Hugh really cares anything for me any more. When we were first married he never would have gone off in this way, and with a careless 'good-by' tossed up strairs as he might toss a well-cleaned bone to a hungry dog. He would have found time to run up and kiss me good-by and tell me that he missed me at breakfast and ask was I sick. He is gracious to his friends, a perfect gentleman to every one but his wife. I believe he is tired of me. I wish I could let him go. It would be hard on me, but it would be better for him. Well! I mustn't think such things as these. Perhaps he does love me after all. But—but—it is coming to be hard to believe it." And so, with a heavy heart, she went to her work. And the sun laughed in at the open windows, and the birds chirped cheerily to her all day, and the flowers waved their most graceful beckoning to her in vain, all for want of that farewell kiss.

Oh! husbands and wives, will you never learn that love dies of slightest wounds, and that the husband owes no such thoughtful courtesy to any other person as he owes his wife; that the wife owes no such attentive consideration to any guest as she owes to her husband, and that oftimes a little neglect is a harder burden for love to bear than an open and flagrant wrong.

Coming Fashions Cast Their Shadows Before.

New York Evening Post.

Every style of plaid and check will be worn.

The number of mantles of thin brocaded materials upon a transparent ground has notably increased of late.

Two apron overskirts—one long and square and caught up on the left side, the other full, short, rounded, and much looped over the hips—are seen upon the latest importations from Paris.

Cunning little low-necked, short-sleeved dresses for children are made of pink, blue, and strawberry satoon, surah, chambery, or linen, embroidered or plain, over pleated waists of white muslin or guimpes with sleeves

Now autumn cheviots, tweeds, serges, and basket-cloths are mostly in plaids, in even or irregular patterns, and in quiet neutral tones of fawn-color, nun's-gray, pale golden-brown, and the like, enlivened by stripes or dashes of scarlet and gold.

Tailor-made dresses are to be more than ever the fashion the coming season. Ladies possessing good figures know that their perfect fit shows the form to the finest advantage; and those less favored by nature are also aware that there is nothing like a slightly rough-surfaced fabric to give an increased look to the size of their slender arms and shoulders. Some of these suits are made up in the severest style; while others are remarkably jaunty and picturesque.

Dress-skirts are growing decidedly fuller and wider, and this decided tendency to bouffant styles has, as history plainly reveals, been almost invariably the forerunner of crinoline, and crinoline we are to have unless scores of manufacturers, who have summoned their hitherto idle forces and begun the work anew of making hoop-skirts, have listened to a delusive rumor of their coming popularity.

English Feminine Ugliness.

Cor. New York Sun.

It was Balzac, I think, who remarked that when an English woman is not very beautiful she is horribly ugly. It is possible for a woman to be deliciously ugly, to have a charm, a fascination even, in her ugliness. By dint of wit and skill she may conquer her ugliness, for, as Ernest Renan has said in one of his philosophical dialogues, woman's beauty is really an art. Now, the English woman seems to revel in her ugliness, and she does her best to exaggerate it by her dress. The cut of the English dressmakers is peculiar, as is also the arrangement of lines adopted even by the beautiful English women, who are unfortunately not in the majority. As if the dressed women were destined to be placed like a statue against a wall, the back is altogether neglected; the greater part of the hair is frizzed and tousled in a huge frill projecting two or three inches in front of the forehead, the back hair is twisted up into a little knot laid flat on the nape of the neck, and the hat follows the line of the skull until it rises cliff-like and precipitous over the tousled forest of the brow. As for the lines of the body, in the English women in general they seem to have a tendency to be straight behind and straight before. Indeed, in order further to diminish protuberances on the back line, many girls, especially the bar maids, have their hair cut short behind, like boys. The result is fearful and wonderful.

And all that æsthetic movement? it will be asked. Has that had no influence for good on dress? In the cut and shape of the dress, it appears not; in the colors, yes. The English dressmakers have to work with materials of most beautiful and varied colors' but somehow or another they cannot avoid stiffness in their folds and drapery. They cannot handle stuffs with the art and feeling of the French. In decorative art the æsthetic movement has had great, and excellent influence, and so much progress has been made of late years that one does not know what feature to notice first.

A Dainty Cradle.

Inter Ocean.

We saw recently a dainty bed for a child, made as follows: The foundation was a simple little iron bedstead. This had been painted a perfect gold color with gilt paint which comes for coloring gilt picture frames. To the top of the bed was affixed a frame of woodwork, having a circle at the top, and slender boards reaching to the bedstead and forming a sort of triangle. This was covered with a white linen drapery, caught back so as to look like angels' wings, and on it were embroidered in outline stitch, with pale blue and gold, two angels, one on either side, with their hands joined in the middle. The circle at the top was embroidered in a design of pink roses and butterflies. Beneath the angels was the little prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray to God my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

The lettering was in blue and gold, with a wreath and harp of gold below the verse. Around the bottom of the bed was a frill of the linen, bordered by a blue stitching and embroidered in flowers, birds and little Dresden china designs. The whole effect was very charming.

What an Eminent Physician Says.

Dr. C. E. Page, in New York Times.

The only babe that, in many years of observation, I have ever known to pass an entire year without an hours' physical inconvenience—not a restless night, nor a cry of pain—was fed but three times a day from the age of two months. His food was only cow's milk, with "a few hours' cream removed," with no water or sugar added. At the age of one year, this infant, a stout, strapping boy, was taking three ordinary coffee cupfuls of milk! Up to the age of two months this babe was a terror to the household. His bowels were either "loose" or "closed," he suffered with colic, was constantly "spitting up," etc., and was a very unhappy little fellow. After adopting the three-meal system he became easy, and up to this time (he is now 16 months old) he has enjoyed perfect ease. His teeth are "cut" without his knowing it—coming along as naturally as his hair or too nails. My own infant, now near 10 months old, is nursed three times a day only—morning, noon and night—and enjoys perfect health and is a comfort twenty-four hours in every day to herself and all about her.

Lemon Juice as a Medicine.

Most people know the value of lemonade before breakfast, but few know how it is more than doubled by taking it at night also. The way to get the better of a bilious system without the use of pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as the appetite craves, in as much ice-water as makes it pleasant to drink, without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning on rising, or half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humors and bile with mild efficiency, without any of the weakening effects of calomel or congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear. The powerful acid of the juice, which is almost corrosive, invariably produces inflammation after a while, but diluted so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its full medical work without harm, and when the stomach is clear of food has abundant opportunity to work on the system thoroughly.

Reconstructed Dyspeptics.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

If the noble army of dyspeptic martyrs would be entirely reconstructed, they must adopt the chopped beefsteaks for diet. They are made of beef from the most tender and juicy part of the round, but in a machine called the American chopper, in such a way as to separate the nutritious part from the tough, cellular or fibrous structure that contains it and which forms more than one-third of the substance. This pulp is carefully removed with a spoon and lightly formed into a cake of the thickness of ordinary beefsteak, broiled and seasoned with salt, pepper or other condiments. This is perfectly digestible and far more delicious than a fillet steak. Two glasses of hot water taken an hour and a half before eating, and a diet of this beef, will give the most incorrigible dyspeptic new views of life.

An Outfit for a Boy.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

A great return for a small investment is realized by purchasing a small soldering outfit for a boy. He becomes at once a useful member of the family; old basins and pans become as new after the transforming touch of his soldering iron, and there are great possibilities in tin cans, and small pieces of tin; sugar-sifters and funnels are among them. I am convinced that lack of interesting occupation is the prolific source of most bad habits that an idle boy acquires; that parents feel this, and many are likely to fall into the error of providing too many finished playthings for them. It seems that the aim should be to give them tools with which they may exercise the imagination, and with which they may construct articles that do not yet exist.

Woman's Strongest Instincts.

Mrs. Florence M. Adkinson.

The strongest instinct in woman is the home instinct. She may of her own free choice elect to be childless, to be husbandless, but not to be homeless. Men live in camps and clubs, more or less content, but the fondest dream of every wandering woman, high or low, rich or poor, is of a home, all her own, her castle, which if she chooses she may bar and bolt against the world. These warnings from men to women regarding the preservation of the home are supremely ridiculous in face of the facts that men are far more gregarious than women, and much less disposed to rigidly preserve the privacy and exclusiveness of home.

The Nurse's Voice.

American Agriculturist.

We cannot, and should not, forbear attendance upon the sick, because nature has not gifted us with that rare, blessed boon of a sweet and musical voice; yet, even more earnestly than the elocutionist, should the nurse study to modulate such organs as she does possess, to the utmost gentleness of which they are capable. For nothing is of greater importance, we assure her, if she desires to sooth irritated nerves, and quiet perturbed spirits, than to use an habitually soft and calm speech in all her conversation, either with the sick or in their presence.

Indignant London Milliners.

Chicago Times.

The London milliners are ready to burst forth into indignation meetings and letters to The Times, on account of an economical bonnet which the princess of Wales recently wore at the fisheries exhibition. It was exceedingly plain, having very little trimming, and at the same time was extremely becoming. The princess sets the London fashions, and as there was a large number of fashionable ladies present each of them took a mental photograph of her attractive headgear, and it was not long before there was a marked degree of simplicity in the prevailing style of London millinery. The milliners, who are unable to run up the bills by decorating hats and bonnets with the birds of the air and the beasts and flowers of the field, to say nothing of yards of gaudy and costly ribbons, are immensely disgusted at this turn of things, but there is no doubt that it will meet the approval of husbands and papas.

The Causes of Blushing.

New York Sun.

The physiology of blushing has long presented a difficult problem to solve. Many unsatisfactory explanations have been given of the causes of that interesting phenomenon. The British Medical Journal lately received an inquiry as to the measures to be taken for the cure of a chronic tendency to blush, and one of its correspondents takes up the matter in a very practical way. Among other causes he gives prominence "to the wearing of two thick underclothing and especially of two thick socks." He adds that long-sleeved woolen sacks or jerseys are often a cause of blushing, and, in fact, warm clothing in general. He does not fail to remark that the blusher must choose in this matter between the risk of rheumatism and the annoyance of blushing. As collateral evidence in support of his views he says: "An aunt of mine had habitually a red nose from this cause alone, which disappeared when she took to thinner stockings."

Regarding the matter from a social standpoint the writer says: "The best plan for an habitual flusher is to laugh and be very gushing, as, for instance, on meeting an acquaintance in the street when he colors up; and he will then feel more at his ease than if he looks foolish and reserved."

An obvious cause for blushing is over-sensitiveness and self-consciousness, which will wear away as the person becomes used to society and strengthens his character by adopting wise principles of thought and action. The physiological explanation of blushing given by the writer just quoted is that it is due to paralysis of the sympathetic circle of nerves surrounding the arteries, which, not contracting properly, allow a freer flow of blood to the surface.

Love's Severest Test.

Lake George Cor. Chicago Tribune.

At each and all these are groups of men and women lounging, flirting, playing croquet or tennis, who pause for the nonce to look at the boat and the passengers. They appear interesting; they have a certain poetic environment, mainly for the reason that we shall lose sight of them in a few minutes, and in all probability never see them again.

The mere thought of never seeing any person again invests him or her, particularly her, with attractiveness. Hardly anybody can repel or tire us in a fraction of an hour, for often in that brief space he or she gives us the best that is in him, and what is given seems fresh, and he is apt to kindle our imagination. How frequently those with whom we have been thrown for a day or two, and have liked, disappoint and bore us by a continuation of their company. We form the most agreeable impressions of one another when we meet at long intervals, and when our meetings are short. Closeness and continuity of intercourse is so severe a test that complete sympathy alone can endure it, and complete sympathy is a white blackbird.

This it is which renders marriage such a strain. A couple who might love passionately for six months would hate one another at the end of six years. How lucky it is that we are all mortal; that sixty years is far beyond the average life. If we knew that we were eternal we should be mutually insupportable. The fact that we may be dead tomorrow is potent in preserving friendship and stimulating affection.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

Newport cor. Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is one of the earnest women in society here, but not so much in society as to spend all her time in hollow forms and hollower self-adornment. The daughter of a rich banker in New York—he was Samuel Ward, of the once famous firm of Prime, Ward & King, she received an education thought to be masculine in thoroughness and severity, and became a blue-stocking at 18. All her antecedents, all the influences surrounding her, were of a kind to make her a social devotee; but her mind and character were of a stronger and broader cast. She was early enlisted in benevolent and liberal schemes, and she has been for many years a staunch and eloquent advocate of woman rights and of all salutary reforms. She is the reverse of the strong-minded woman whom cheap satirists are pleased to represent as lecturing abroad while her husband and children are neglected at home. She has been for years a widow—her husband was Dr. S. G. Howe, the noted Greek volunteer and philanthropist—but she has ever been the embodiment of domesticity and maternal affection. It may be urged against her that she is excessively inky. She is seldom without a MS. of some kind to read, but she is, and has been from the first, a brave and noble advocate of whatever she believes to be right.

The Welcome Guest.

Harper's Bazar.

The charm of an American country house is generally that it is a home, and sacred to some duties. A model guest never infringes for one moment on the rights of the master of the house. She is never late for dinner, never late for the drive. She never sends back to bring her parasol; she never abuses his friends or the family dog. She is careful to abstain from disagreeable topics. She joins his whist table if she knows how to play; but she ought never to be expected to rise an hour earlier than her wont if he wishes to go to town or to catch a train. These early morning perfunctory breakfasts are not times for conversation, and they ruin the day for some bad sleepers.

In a country neighborhood a hostess has sometimes to ask of her guests that they shall go to church to hear a stupid preacher; that they shall know her country neighbors; that they shall submit to what may be the slavery of country parties. This should never be insisted upon. The guest should always be allowed to refuse those proffered hospitalities.

If he be a tired cit, if he prefers the garden, the woodland, the retirement of the country, to any tea party in the world, he cannot enter into his host's interests or his neighbor's, perhaps. Leave him to his solitude if he chooses.

A New Kind of Express Agent.

Miss Mary M. Carey, young, fair and gentle, is employed by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad, at Nazata, as depot and express agent. She has charge of yard work and signals around the station. She is at her post from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m, much of the time. She is respected by all and understands her duties thoroughly. She is the oldest of four orphan girls, who live and keep house together.

The Southern Authoress.

Chicago Journal.

It is said a lady living in New Orleans gets a salary of $3,600 a year for writing serial stories for cheap weekly literary papers, so-called, of the north. There are several New Orleans writers so employed.

A Monkey Story.

Boston Globe.

Some time ago an English lady, who was living at Kingston, Jamaica, took passage on a homeward bound vessel, taking her 2-months-old infant with her. A large, strong, active monkey which was on board took a violent fancy for the child. The monkey would sit all day long watching the mother as she rocked and fondled the little one, and followed her from place to place. Several times the animal tried unsuccessfully to get possession of the baby. One beautiful afternoon a distant sail attracted the attention of all on board, and the captain politely offered his glass to the lady. She placed her baby on the sofa and had just raised the glass to her eye when a cry was heard. Turning quickly she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm and was nimbly climbing the shrouds. The mother fainted as the animal reached the top of the main mast. The captain was at his wit's end. He feared if he sent a sailor in pursuit the monkey would drop the baby and escape by leaping from mast to mast. The child in the mean time was heard to cry, but the fear that the monkey was hurting it was dispelled by seeing it imitate the motions of the mother, dandling, soothing and endeavoring to hush it to sleep. After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the captain finally ordered the men below and concealed himself on deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck it looked cautiously around, advanced to the sofa and placed the baby upon it. The captain restored the frightened infant to its mother, who was soon satisfied that her darling had escaped without injury.

A Good Reason.

Boston Budget.

They thought they heard burglars in the house last week, and in going down stairs to investigate Bibbs said to his wife: "You go first; it's a mean man that would shoot a woman."

Peanut Flour.

In Virginia they are making flour of peanuts, and it is praised. It is customary in Georgia to pound the nuts for a pastry.

A LITTLE OLD LADY.

A Grandmother Aboard the Train—Her Old Eyes Full of Childlike Wonder.

"Observer" in Peck's Sun.

We stop at a quiet country side that has recently achieved a station—for only one other building is visible—and a little old grandmother comes among us. A farm wagon is at a respectful distance with a careful old man holding the bits of the fat and sleepy horses, who do not even dream of being frightened. The little old lady calls out something to the distant old man who smiles in the doubtful way of one who doesn't understand a word, and she would like to linger on the platform and say more parting words to the elderly daughter who has come to see her off, but the brakeman gently assists her within and slams the door. She gives a little stagger as the train moves on, sinks into the first vacant seat, and turning to the window nods to her daughter, who smiles back reassuringly. A kindly gentleman loans forward and tells her of a better seat further down, and carries her large covered basket for her, and partly lowers the blind where the sun is streaming in. People are always kind to the very old and the very young; it is the forlorn middle-aged who are permitted to care for themselves.

Our grandmother sits down with a chirping "thank ye"—she is not of the age that says "thanks"—and looks curiously about her. Possibly she had never rode in the cars, for her old eyes are full of childlike wonder and surprise; and she has quite a long explanation from the conductor before she yields her ticket to him, and she watches him tear off a part of it as if he were doing a great mischief. She even appeals to a fellow passenger—after the smiling official had passed on—to know if everything is all right, and calmed by his cheerful assurance, she smiles too, and admits that she "ain't much used to travelin'."

A quaint picture she is!—her shirred black silk bonnet is twenty years old if a day, but it has a fresh ruche inside and glossy new strings; the black silk shawl, pinned across her breast with a round gold brooch is of the kind you remember seeing in your childhood, and her dress is a soft silken alpaca that can be an old lady's best dress for many years and give little sign of wear. People sitting near her, if given to noticing trifles, can detect a faint, homely, clean odor as of dried mint and lavender. She looks at the ingeniously hung lamps, the pretty transparencies in the upper windows, and passes her hand gently over the velvet upholstery—smiling a little retrospective sort of smile. Perhaps she is thinking of the old stage days, or of the time years and years ago when she and her husband traveled by canal and lake and river and possibly by ox-cart into those far western wilds and set up their humble new home with little capital but strong hands and brave hearts.

Against the blandishments of the fruit and vegetable-ivory boy she sets a mild but firm face—figs and novels, bananas and late papers, oranges and railway guides, all are waved politely aside. It is only before the basket of pears, yellow and sweet as lumps of summer sunshine, that she wavers for a moment, but the old pears are waved on also. I buy of them and presently extend a couple to her with my sweetest smile—which perhaps is never very sweet. She receives them first with surprise and then the same chirping "thank ye!" and regards them fondly. "They're the first pears I've seen in more than forty years," she explains.

Retiring into my newspaper I see her fondling and smelling them in a mild sort of ecstacy and for a moment she meditates actually eating one, but controls herself and puts them carefully away in the great basket. They are too precious to her to be [illegible] in this public glare.

FISHING IN THE GEYSERS.

The Place Where the Angler Gets the Budge on all Other Kinds of Fishing.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Speaking of fish," said the smiling stranger, "if the president wants to have some genuine fun, he wants to cast a line in some o' them geysers. That's where you get fish. I got in there once about a year ago, and ketched 1,000 smelts in an hour and a quarter! And trout! Well, I should whisper in an undertone! I'm shouting, gentlemen, when I say a man can take trout out o' one o' them geysers that'll weigh half a ton! I've done it."

"I thought the water in the geysers was warm," chipped in an unbelieving listener.

"Hot, stranger, hot," protested the unabashed Wyoming man.

"And you pretend to say those fish live in hot water?"

"I never alluded to the possibility, stranger. I didn't even think of it. Them fish I ketched was dead, every fish o' 'em dead and cooked. There's where you get the bulge on all other kind o' fishin'. You get the fish all ready for the table!"

"That sounds reasonable," observed a keen-eyed man." I think he's telling the truth. I say, how do you catch those fish?"

"With worms, stranger," responded the Wyoming man, eagerly, rejoiced to find a friend in the crowd. "You bait your hook with angle worms, and the fish takes right hold as soon as your sinker touches bottom."

"Then we are to understand that dead and cooked fish will bite at a hook, are we?" asked the keen-eyed man.

"In them geysers, stranger. They won't do it anywhere else. In them geysers they are hungry for worms, and beside that they ain't cooked until you land 'em. You see, the water at the bottom o' them geysers is cold, and it's the hot water at the top, together with the friction, that cooks 'em. You don't see it anywhere but in the geysers, but there you never miss it."

Did He Want a Double-Six?

Chicago Herald.

Young Mr. M——, at exactly two minutes past noon on last Friday, entered the Rue Cafe de Thompson. He combed his hair and communed with the overworked towel. Mr. M—— then selected a seat at a table and glanced over the collection of ladies at the other tables. "To-day is Friday," he murmured, and the first finger of his left hand was thrust into his vest pocket and rested on the key which was attached to his gold chain. He ordered a bowl of soup. It was good and he consumed it with a day-before-pay-day appetite. As the spoon made its last fell sweep toward the bottom of the bowl it struck something hard. Mr. M—— investigated. It was a domino.

"Heah, watah. What do you mean, fellah, by allowing this to repose in my nourishment?" said Mr. M—— indignantly.

The waiter examined it and turned it over with the spoon. It was a six and three spot. An expression of scorn overspread his dark features.

"You's got hoops up chuck. Dus yer expect a dubble-six in a 10-cent bowl o' soup?"

Showers of Fishes.

New York Sun.

The coast of Mexico, near Vera Cruz, not long ago had a shower of fishes, causing the utmost consternation. A similar thing happened at San Luis Potosi. Superstitious people talked about the end of the world. The fishes were a species of sardine not familiar in the neighborhoods. A shower years ago in Wales was of a small fish known as stickle backs, sprinkling the ground over an area of several square miles. They were alive when they fell; yet if caught up by a whirlwind from any of the brackish ponds near the sea, in which this species of fish abounds, they must have been conveyed through the air a distance of thirty miles. The theory of scientists is that the fishes are transported with wonderful speed through the air to the place of deposit. In India such showers are known to have taken place, the fishes varying from a pound to a pound and a half each.

SLAPPED ON BOTH CHEEKS.

The Right of Ladies to be Seated in the Car Asserted with Emphasis.

New York Herald.

A disturbance occurred on one of the trains from Rockaway Beach to the city over the New York & Rockaway railroad. The train was crowded, and all the seats were occupied. In one of the cars stood two ladies, one of whom, who was rather delicate in appearance, carried a child in her arms. Near to them stood an elderly gentleman, tall, erect of carriage and with white hair and beard. He was evidently concerned over the fact that a lady, who seemed in delicate health, should be compelled to stand with a heavy child in her arms while many men occupied seats around her. As a jolt of the car precipitated the ladies violently forward and almost caused the one with the child to lose her balance, the old gentleman could evidently stand it no longer. He advanced to a seat close to the ladies in which were comfortably ensconced four young men.

"Gentlemen," he said, with every outward show of courtesy, but with a slight inflection of contempt in his voice, "permit me to call your attention to the fact that there are two ladies standing here who have been unable to find seats. One of these ladies is embarrassed with a child."

The young men, who were of the "nobby" dressed, self-sufficient type of city youth, stared insolently at the speaker.

"We've paid our fare," answered one of the young men in saffron necktie, "and we're entitled to seats."

"If you make that a point, said the old gentleman, "sooner than see these ladies stand I will refund you your fares in return for the two seats."

"We don't want your money," retorted the young man, who had spoken before, insolently. "We just want to stay where we are."

The old man flushed angrily. "I came from the south," he said, "and if there a man were to act as you do under these circumstances we should look upon him as a cur and pitch him out of the window."

"Do you call me a cur?" screamed the young fellow, springing to his feet.

"Do you refuse to relinquish your seat?"

"Yes; and do you call me a cur?"

"I consider you to be far below a cur."

As the old gentleman uttered these words the young fellow made a threatening motion, but the old man was two quick for him. He drew back his right hand and administered his opponent a stinging slap on the cheek. Instantly he executed a similar manouvre with his left hand. The smacks rang out loud and clear above the rumbling noise of the train. The young man was staggered and his companions sprang up to assist him. Other passengers, however, whose attention had been attracted by the quarrel, sprang to the old gentleman's side and prevented any further violence. The ladies, to whom attention had been attracted by the old gentleman's interference in their behalf, had unnoticed by him been provided with seats by fellow-passengers a few seconds before the quarrel culminated in the warming of the whippersnapper's ears.

At the Crater of Mount Hood.

Silverton (Ore.) Appeal.

On Saturday President Van Scoy Ramsby, Jory and others reached the top of Mount Hood, an elevation 12,650 feet above the sea, where they spent several hours. There were two barometers with the party, but for some reason they refused to work after an altitude of 11,200 feet had been gained. At the top several relics of previous ascents were found, which included a bible, flag, spy-glass, photographs, etc. Mr. Yocum, a Portland artist, took several views from the summit, which were very satisfactory. When up above the snow line the gentlemen constructed a sleigh, to which they attached four horses and treated the ladies of the party to a July sleigh-ride, which, of course, was a novel and pleasant affair.

The crater was visited by some ladies and gentlemen of the party, who penetrated the icy cavern a distance of 100 feet, the walls and ceiling displaying the most weird architecture. There was a ceaseless drip of water from the roof of the ice-incased entrance to the crater, caused by a warm air current coming from the slumbering fires below, from whence a loud hissing noise proceeded. As no one volunteered to go down into the dark caldron, that locality was left unexplored. A rock hurled down into the crater produces a deafening reverberation. Owing to the smoky condition of the atmosphere it was not possible to obtain a view of the valley. This is the third time that Mr. Ramsby has ascended Mount Hood, and he informs us that the ascent is yearly becoming more difficult and dangerous on account of the widening of the crevasses near the summit.

R. J. Burdette in Cincinnati Enquirer.

By the way, I do love Browning's later-day poems. So far, vague and dim. They say so much and mean so little, like a national platform which starts out with "seein'," and "whereas, an' wherefore," then "points with pride," and then "views with alarm," and then submits it to the people, and not one man in twenty reads it, and he doesn't understand it. Well might the queen of Sheba exclaim, "the half was not told." You are right, Sheba. And the half that wasn't told was, and unto this day is, the worst half. The queen of Sheba was a woman—most queens generally are, but she came very near knowing as much as Victoria, without living half so long.

It Is the Bullet Which Tells.

M. Quad.

It is the bullet which tells in war. It seeks its target on the picket-post, on the skirmish line, on the raid, along the rifle-pits and breastworks. The musket is never silent. It is a slow cancer eating away at the life of an enemy. It seeks him out in the ravine, it discovers him in the thicket, it gives him no rest on the plain. Artillery roars and flashes, and its missiles scream and terrify, but the ponderous shot falls wide of its target or digs its own grave in the soil.

Bound to Impale Him.

Boston Transcript.

"Mr. Hack," said the managing editor, "Mr. Wirework, the opposing candidate, is going to be at the conference to-morrow; write a sharp editorial and give him fits for trying to curry favor with the churches." "But Wirework has written a letter saying he can't be there," replied Mr. Hack. "So!" said the managing editor. "Well, then, write a slashing article on his daring to ignore the best people in the village. Give it to him good and strong."

High-Priced Opera.

An Italian manager, Pollini, has offered the widow of Richard Wagner $250,000 for the exclusive right to perform the opera of "Parsifal," this to cover all countries. She unhesitatingly rejected the offer.

Not Very Soothing.

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them all over again," was the not very soothing reply.

The contingent fee lawyer says: "If I don't win your suit I get nothing." And he whispers: "If I do win you get nothing."

The Millionaire City.

Chicago Times.

San Francisco is claimed to have more millionaires than any other American city. Nearly every one sprang from poverty, and only one carried any money to San Francisco. Only one is the graduate of a college, and only seven were trained for a profession, and all of these lawyers. There is not a doctor, a preacher, or a West Point among them. Forty-nine are Americans by birthright, five are Germans, four English, and one French. Outside of the Roman Catholic church and the synagogue but one in a church member. Four of the men are worth $40,000,000 each, five from $20,000,000 to $40,000,000, two $10,000,000 apiece, five $5,000,000 each, and the remainder [illegible]

THE MAHONING VALLEY

REAL ESTATE AGENCY

—OF—

NEWTON & WITHERSTAY,

Offer for sale the following property on easy terms:

A 10 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for $950.
A 30 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, at $68 per acre.
A 14¾ acre farm in Paris, Portage county, for $900.
A 121 acres at $70 per acre.
A 30 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for $2,200.
15 acres for $2,000.
A 67 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 5,000.
A Grist Mill, Woolen Mill and Saw Mill, two dwellings and land in Milton, Mahoning county, for 10,000.
142 acres, 65 per acre, in Windham.
A 221 acre farm in Milton, Mahoning county, for 45 per acre.
50 acres, 45 per acre, in Windham.
A 174 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 56 per acre.
A 105 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 60 per acre.
A 65¼ acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county for 80 per acre.
A 32 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 2,500.
A house, barn and 1 acre of land in Paris, Portage county, for 700.
A house, barn and 1 acre of land in Southington, Trumbull county, for 300.
A house, barn and 5 acres of land in Southington, Trumbull county, for 1,000.
192 acres at 58 per acre in Windham.
A 26 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 2,500.
54 acres for 4,000.
A 92 acre farm in Paris, Portage county, for 67 per acre.
A 20 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 1,700.
A 2 acre farm with steam saw mill in Newton, Trumbull county, for 2,500.
An 86 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
A 30¼ acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 2,500.
A 108 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
A 135 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 80 per acre.
A 24 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 1,600.
A 15 acre farm with saw mill, cider mill and shingle machine in Nelson, Portage county, for 2,500.
A 70 acre farm in Paris, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
A 260 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 65 per acre.
A house and lot in Newton Falls, Trumbull county, for 1,000.
A 50 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 65 per acre.
A 36 acre farm in Southington, Trumbull county, for 50 per acre.
A house and lot in Berlin, Mahoning county, for 1,000.
A 30 acre farm in Edinburg, Portage county, or 45 per acre.
House and lot in Newton Falls, Trumbull county, for 350.
Nine acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 900.
161 acre farm in Windham, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
112½ acre farm in Windham, Portage county for 65 per acre.
68 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 2,250.
House and lot in Newton Falls, Trumbull county, for 1,600.
128 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 40 per acre.
75 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 75 per acre.
90 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 1,600.
243 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 45 per acre.
118 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 75 per acre.
78 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county for 50 per acre.
Fine hotel property in West Farmington, Trumbull county, for 2,000.
59 1-2 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 2,600.
30 acre farm in Newton Trumbull county, for 1,500.
An 89 1-2 acre farm in Newton, Trumbull county, for 2,500.
48 acre farm in Windham, Trumbull county, for 1,600.
44 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county, for 65 per acre.
House and lot in Newton Falls, Trumbull county, for 1 200.
House and lot in Newton Falls, Trumbull county, for 700.
House and lot in Atwater, Portage county, for 600
An 83 1-2 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 75 per acre.
135 acre farm in Nelson, Portage county, for 60 per acre.
36 acre farm in Braceville, Trumbull county at 65 per acre.

We have other property in this vicinity that we will sell at prices and terms that will please the most fastidious.

The valley of the Mahoning is justly known as the Eden of Ohio for farming. All of our farms are near good schools, post offices, churches, grist, saw and cider mills, grain markets and all other improvements of civilization for which this fertile valley is famous. This valley constitutes part of the Western Reserve whose inhabitants are widely known for their intellect, hospitality and enterprise.

We have also city property in Cleveland to exchange for property in this vicinity.

Free conveyance to any of the property we have for sale. Parties at a distance coming to this vicinity to purchase farms, should let us know two or three days in advance, if convenient, so we can be sure and meet them.

For particulars, call on or address,

NEWTON & WITHERSTAY,

NEWTON FALLS, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO.

Sep8,3m. BOX 921.

THEY HAVE COME AT LAST

AND

Will Make Competitors Howl.

The Biggest Stock of Ready made Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods Just Received.

Embracing the finest make and latest styles to be had in Eastern markets. No Style, Cut, Color or Pattern you can ask for that we can not show, and will be sold at such low prices that others will not, dare not, meet.

SOLID FACTS.

Men's Suits in every shape and finely made,
Are opened now to the trade.
Those Over Coats so nicely made,
Will fit you I guarantee or no trade.
Those Hats so nice,
Are the Latest Styles and Lowest Price.
Those many Fine Shirts an assorted line you will find to astound mankind.
Those New Goods that are open to-day,
Will fit you so nice, I guarantee, or no pay.

I. WERTHEIMER,

Central Hall Clothing Emporium.

BENJ. COE,

The Old Reliable Stove and Tin Man,

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE.

Can sell you at bottom prices, Cook Stoves, Oil Stoves, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron, Ware, and anything in the House Furnishing line, a full stock of which is constantly kept on hand.

Tin Roofing and Spouting

A specialty, and at terms that can not be excelled or duplicated. Call or write for estimates.

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REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET

[Election, October 9, 1883.]

For Governor,
JOSEPH B. FORAKER,
Of Hamilton.

For Lieutenant Governor,
WILLIAM G. ROSE,
Of Cuyahoga.

For Supreme Judge,
(Term ending February 9, 1887.)
WILLIAM H. UPSON,
Of Summit.

(Term ending February 9, 1889.)
JOHN H. DOYLE,
Of Lucas.

For Clerk of Supreme Court,
DWIGHT CROWELL,
Of Ashtabula.

For Attorney General,
M. B. EARNHART,
Of Miami.

For Auditor of State,
JOHN F. OGLEVEE,
Of Clarke.

For Treasurer of State,
JOHN C. BROWN,
Of Jefferson.

For State Commissioner of Common Schools,
DANIEL F. DeWOLFE,
Of Lucas.

For Member Board of Public Works,
LEO WELTZ,
Of Clinton.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET

Representative,
JOSEPH LOVE.

Auditor,
THOMAS H. GLOVER.

Treasurer,
W. H. CRAWFORD.

Sheriff,
F. W. COCHRAN.

Commissioner,
G. W. COOPER.

Infirmary Director—Short Term,
R. A. GIVEN.

Infirmary Director—Long Term,
J. A. RANDLES.

KNOCKS OUT THE ROMANCE.

View of the Causes of Runaway Marriages From an Economical Standpoint.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

"That's all bosh," remarked a well-known physician to a Courier-Journalist yesterday, as he threw down a paper containing an account of a runaway in which the daughter of a local politician figured as the heroine.

"What's bosh, doctor?" asked the reporter, on the lookout for a possible item.

"Why, this runaway match which you have just published. That girl's father is a sharp man, but this is one of the sharpest tricks he has ever played since I knew him. That elopement was all a sham."

The reporter became interested all at once, and asked for an explanation.

"It's as simple as can be. The girl's father is one of the best known men in this section of the town, and is a politician besides. He has, necessarily, a very large acquaintance among the element who are always expecting him to stand treat upon the slightest pretext, and, what with this and the wedding festivities—supper and other etceteras—his daughter's marriage, if solemnized in the ordinary manner, would have cost him a great deal of money. An elopement saved all this, so he just opposed his dauhter's wishes strongly enough to give a protext for the two to run over to Jeffersonville, where the expenses of the wedding, all told, didn't amount to more than five or ten dollars. There were no fine dresses, flowers, gifts or anything of that sort, and when they returned home they had a chance to go to housekeeping quietly and unostentatiously. It was a shrewd plan, and a sensible one for all parties concerned."

"Do such things happen often?" queried the reporter.

"Well, they are not at all infrequent of late years. I have known a number of runaway matches which had no other reason than economy. Parents, relatives and all were willing for the young people to commit matrimony, but the expense was a serious consideration, and a little timely opposition which caused an elopement smoothed out the crooked channel in which the course of true love was running. The cost of the wedding was saved for house-keeping, the young couple were forgiven and all went on as merrily as if there had been any amount of marriage bells ringing."

"In what classes of society do such marriages oftenest occur?"

"Generally in the middle classes, those who are only moderately well-to-do, and who yet want to keep up appearances. The very poor and the extremely rich are never troubled with such considerations, but the poor and proud often make use of this strategem. I've known of some very aristocratic couples starting out on their matrimonial journey with an elopement, which was caused by nothing on earth save a want of funds. These fashionable weddings cost large sums."

"Are the young people ever into this secret?"

"Sometimes, but not often. Generally they are innocent parties to the deception. This is a new way to look at an elopement, and it knocks out all the romance, but it's the real explanation of a good many, as I know from personal observation."

Bear vs. Dog.

Dallas Herald.

A well-known gentleman of Little Rock purchased an enormous black bear. A friend who heard of the purchase went to the colonel—of course he was a colonel—and said:

"Hear that you've got the biggest bear in the country."

"Got a whale, let me tell you."

"Well, I'll tell you what I want. I've got the finest bulldog in the south. I gave $100 for him the other day, and up to this time he has whipped two bears. I want him to fight your bear."

"I don't believe he could whip him."

"Yes, he can. A large bulldog can whip a bear any time. I'll bring him over to-morrow."

Next day the gentleman and the dog called on the colonel and the bear. The bear was chained to a tree in a grove, and when the dog saw him he wanted to eat him without further ceremony.

"Here," said the colonel, "I don't want the bear to get away after he chews the head off your dog, so you'll have to hold one end of the chain."

"Blamed if I do. I'll tell you what. Tie the dog to one end of the chain and let the [illegible] end of the other end."

This was agreed upon, and the dog was soon tugging at his end of the line, anxious to open the engagement. The bear whined and looked far away. It was evident that he didn't [illegible]. When everything was ready the dog was [illegible]. He dashed at the bear and grabbed him by the [illegible]. The bear shook him off, but in-

ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG TOURISTS.

Getting Together Some Scattering Historical Facts of the Revolution—Sketching the "Wayside Chapel."

Hudson River Cor. St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

There is in the neighborhood of South Nyack a charming old stone mansion whose land grant was given by Queen Anne in 1670 to the ancestor of the present owner. The house itself, a stone, cemented old building, on a grassy terrace extending into the river, was built in 1770. It was the residence of an English family in revolutionary days, who welcomed and entertained British officers. Lying midway between Greenbush, below West Point, where Andre received the traitor Arnold's instructions, and Tappan, where he was imprisoned, it occupied somewhat neutral ground in those days of Tory and Whig strife. Cornwallis, Lord Howe, and even Major Andre may have dined there, but Washington and his generals were surely never welcomed. A few evenings since, while sitting on the vine-covered veranda, as the moon rose over the Hudson, a young lad, dressed in the style of a tailor-fashion-plate print, approached the low steps, and, politely raising his hat, began the following conversation with our hostess:

"Will it be considered impertinent if I ask a few questions?" and without waiting for a reply, continued, "I hear that Washington lived here. I would like to see the house."

A member of the family suggested that the story was improbable, seeing it had been the home of an English family and the resort of British officers.

"I think you are mistaken, madam," replied the youth. "I have heard repeatedly that Washington resided here and held prayer meetings in that old chapel at the rear."

The residence of Washington might have been the legend of hack drivers, but the "prayer meeting" was too much for our sense of the ridiculous—we all burst out laughing. "Come, sir," said our host, emerging from the depths of an old easy chair in the shadow of the vines; "come, I will show you that chapel." Now this portion of the building is quite modern. It was put up by the present proprietor for a summer kitchen and wash house, but in order to make it appear in keeping with the rest of the house, the roof had been gabled and scrolled in the Queen Anne style until it seems older than the original building. The tourist was quite chagrinded at sight of modern ranges and wash tubs, but his antiquarian sympathies were fully satisfied when the host led him to the old library and showed him the original royal grant signed by the good Queen Anne, then the bullet holes in the parlor walls, where Indian or Continental soldier had sent a random shot. He asked permission to call and sketch the old stone mansion, and then told us he was getting together "historical facts of the revolution, just to convince journalists what fools they were to pretend to write things they know nothing about."

"As long as you do not repeat the story the hack drivers tell about this place," said a guest present, "it makes little matter what summer tourists believe. The newest story invented by these sensational Jehus is that a cannon ball passed through the roof of this house and came out of that round hole in the gable, which in reality is an attic window cut by our great grandfather, and then that those two huge black stone lying at the corner of the steps are cannon balls used in the revolution, and once aimed against the house!"

"I am glad to be set right, but it disappoints me dreadfully," said the poor fellow, turning away and striking the stones with his little bamboo cane. "Well, I have a sketch of that old revolutionary wayside chapel below here, that is old enough, anyway."

The chapel in question was built by our host six years ago for the convenience of summer guests at Lake Nyack, who could not walk to the Episcopal church in the village. But we would say nothing to dispel the young man's illusion, and disappoint him. The lovely little "wayside" is thickly covered with twining ivies and American woodbines. It looks a century old.

stead of resenting the insult, he turned and began to climb a tree, dragging the dog after him. He went out on a limb, and before the colonel and the gentleman could realise the turn of affair the dog was suspended ten feet from the ground.

"Why, d—n his fool soul, he'll kill my dog," howled the gentleman.

"I reckon he will," the colonel replied.

The bear lay stretched out on the limb, looking down at the dog, whose struggles were becoming weaker.

"Climb up the tree, colonel, and take the chain from the bear's neck."

"No, I'd rather not. Don't like the way he looks at the dog. Suppose you go up."

"Blamed if I do. I wouldn't take $100 for that dog. The bear's afraid of him, don't you think?"

"Shouldn't wonder, as he seems to be keeping out of the dog's way."

By this time the dog's tongue was hanging out, and it was plain to be seen that he was dead. After a while the bear came down, smelled of the dog, whined, sat down and looked far away.

Gen. Grant as a Sunday Man.

Chicago Times.

Gen. Grant does not like to travel on Sunday if he can help it. The other day Gen. Porter telegraphed to him in the Catskill mountains that a director's car was at his disposal for a trip to Long Branch on Sunday. Gen. Grant politely declined it, saying: "I always tried not to travel on Sunday when I held office, and there does not seem to be any reasonable excuse for it now."

Nervousness.

The moment there is danger of impairment of the mind from excessive nervous exhaustion, or where there exists forebodings of evil, a desire for solitude, shunning and avoiding company, vertigo and nervous debility, or when insanity has already taken place, PERUNA should be implicitly relied on. But it is never well to wait so long before treatment is commenced. The early symptoms are loss of strength, softness of the muscles, dim or weak sight, peculiar expressions of the face and eyes, coated tongue, with impaired digestion; or in others certain powers only are lost, while they are otherwise enjoying comparatively good health. In all those PERUNA should at once be taken.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon a Female Remedy is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Will cure female diseases. All ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration falling and displacement of bearing down feeling, irregularities, barrenness, change of life, leucorrhœa, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like headache, bloating, spinal weakness, sleeplessness, nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Price $1.00 and $1.50 per Bottle. Send to Dr. J. B. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for Pamphlet, free. For Sale by L. K. Anderson.

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Cures Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples and Face Grubs, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sores, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weakness and Irregularities, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia and General Debility.

A course of Burdock Blood Bitters will satisfy the most skeptical that it is the Greatest Blood Purifier on earth. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Directions in eleven languages. PRICE, $1.00. [illegible]

SHERIFF'S PROCLAMATION!

October Election, 1883.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9th.

WHEREAS, by the laws of Ohio, regulating elections, it is required of the Sheriff of this county to give notice before the time of holding a general election, by proclamation throughout the county, of the time at which such election shall be holden:

In pursuance of such requisition, I, A. J. MILLER, Sheriff of Coshocton county, Ohio, do hereby proclaim and make known that the

Second Tuesday, being the 9th Day, of October, 1883,

Is by the Constitution and Laws of Ohio, appointed the day on which the qualified electors of the said Coshocton county, Ohio, shall meet in their respective townships, at their usual or proper place of holding elections, between the hours of 6 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m., and proceed to ballot for

STATE OFFICERS.

One person for Governor of the State of Ohio.
One person for Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Ohio.
One person for Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio—short term.
One person for Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio—long term.
One person for Clerk of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio.
One person for Attorney-General of the State of Ohio.
One person for Auditor of State for the State of Ohio.
One person for Treasurer of State for the State of Ohio.
One person for School Commissioner of the State of Ohio.
One person for member of the Board of Public Works of the State of Ohio.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

One person for State Senator for the 18th and 19th Districts, composed of the counties of Coshocton, Tuscarawas, Guernsey, Monroe, and a part of Noble.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

One person for Representative for the county of Coshocton.
One person for Auditor for the county of Coshocton.
One person for Treasurer for the county of Coshocton.
One person for Sheriff for the county of Coshocton.
One person for Commissioner for the county of Coshocton.
One person for Infirmary Director for the county of Coshocton—short term.
One person for Infirmary Director—full term.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

The electors of said county are further notified that three Amendments to the Constitution of the State are submitted to their ratification or rejection.

HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION NO 78

JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to article four of the constitution of the State.

SECTION 1. *Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio,* (three-fifths of the members elected to each house agreeing thereto), That a proposition to amend the constitution of the State of Ohio be, and the same is hereby submitted to the electors of the State at the election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1883, as follows:

That sections one, two and six of article four, entitled "Judicial" be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 1. The judicial power of the State is vested in a supreme court, circuit courts, courts of common pleas, courts of probate, justices of the peace, and such other courts inferior to the supreme court, as the general assembly may from time to time establish.

Section 2. The supreme court shall, until otherwise provided by law, consist of five judges, a majority of whom competent to sit shall be necessary to form a quorum or to pronounce a decision, except as hereinafter provided. It shall have original jurisdiction in *quo warranto, mandamus, habeas corpus* and *procedendo,* and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. It shall hold at least one term in each year at the seat of government, and such other terms, there or elsewhere, as may be provided by law. The judges of the supreme court shall be elected by the electors of the State at large, for such term, not less than five years, as the general assembly may prescribe, and they shall be elected and their official term shall begin at such time as may be fixed by law. In case the general assembly shall increase the number of such judges, the first term of each of such additional judges shall be such, that in each year after their first election, an equal number of judges of the supreme court shall be elected, except in elections to fill vacancies; and whenever the number of such judges shall be increased, the general assembly may authorize such court to organize divisions thereof, not exceeding three, each division to consist of an equal number of judges; for the adjudication of cases, a majority of each division shall constitute a quorum, and such an assignment of the cases to each division may be made as such court may deem expedient, but whenever all the judges, of either division, hearing a case shall not concur as to the judgment to be rendered therein, or whenever a case shall involve the constitutionality of an act of the general assembly or of an act of congress, it shall be reserved to the whole court for adjudication. The judges of the supreme court in office, when this amendment takes effect, shall continue to hold their offices until their successors are elected and qualified.

SECTION 6. The circuit courts shall have like original jurisdiction with the supreme court, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. Such courts shall be composed of such number of judges as may be provided by law, and shall be held in each county, at least once in each year. The number of circuits, and the boundaries thereof, shall be prescribed by law. Such judges shall be elected in each circuit by the electors thereof, and at such time and for such term as may be prescribed by law, and the same number shall be elected in each circuit. Each judge shall be competent to exercise his judicial powers in any circuit. The general assembly may change, from time to time, the number or boundaries of the circuits. The circuit courts shall be the successors of the district courts, and all cases, judgments, records, and proceedings pending in said district courts, in the several counties of any district, shall be transferred to the circuit courts in the several counties, and be proceeded in as though said district courts had not been abolished, and the district courts shall continue in existence until the election and qualification of the judges of the circuit courts.

And be it further resolved, that at said election, the voters desiring to vote in favor of said amendment, shall have placed upon their ballots, the words, "Judicial constitutional amendment, yes," and the voters who do not favor the adoption of said amendment, may place on their ballots the words, "judicial constitutional amendment, no;" and if a majority of all the votes passed [cast] at said election shall be in favor of said amendment, then said sections one, two and six herein set forth, shall be and constitute the sections so amended in said judicial article (four) of the constitution of the State of Ohio, and said original sections one, two and six, and also sections five and eleven of said article, shall be repealed and annulled.

I. N. HATHAWAY,
Speaker pro tem. of the House of Representatives.
R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted March 30, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 30th day of March, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 30th day of March, A. D. 1883.

JAMES W. NEWMAN,
[SEAL.] Secretary of State.

April 7, 8 mon.

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 50.
JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing Amendments to the Constitution.

Be it Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That, at the general election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, 1883, there shall be submitted to the electors for their approval or rejection two propositions to amend the constitution of the State, as follows:

FIRST PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The general assembly shall regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors so as to provide against evils resulting therefrom; and its power to levy taxes or assessments thereon is not limited by any provision of this constitution."

SECOND PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The manufacture of and the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage are forever prohibited; and the general assembly shall provide by law for the enforcement of this provision."

The electors voting in favor of the said first proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic—Yes;" and those voting in favor of the said second proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Prohibition of intoxicating liquors—Yes."

If either of the said two propositions be thus approved by a majority of the electors voting at the said election, then the amendment therein proposed shall constitute a separate section of article fifteen of the constitution.

O. J. HODGE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted April 4, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO;
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883.

JAMES W. NEWMAN,
[SEAL.] Secretary of State.

To Township Trustees:

And notice is hereby given to the Trustees or Judges of Election in the several townships of said Coshocton county, that the following number and the names of the persons are to be returned by them for their respective townships, to the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, to serve as

GRAND JURORS AND PETIT JURORS,

For the ensuing year, in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided:

Adams township	9
Bethlehem	6
Bedford	9
Crawford	11
Clark	6
Franklin	7
Jackson	14
Jefferson	10
Keene	6
Linton	12
Lafayette	8
Monroe	8
Mill Creek	5
New Castle	7
Oxford	8
Perry	7
Pike	5
Tuscarawas	35
Tiverton	6
Virginia	8
White Eyes	8
Washington	6
Total	200

The Trustees of the several townships are required to give the full name of each Juror returned.

Given under my hand officially, as Sheriff of said county of Coshocton and State of Ohio, at Coshocton, this twelfth day of September, A. D. 1883.

A. J. MILLER,
Sheriff of Coshocton Co., O.

Coshocton, O., Sept. 12, 1883.

DO NOT Make Any Mistake!

And wait any longer to see New, Fresh Goods. We have them, a Store Chok Full of Them. Every Kind and Quality of Cloths, Cassimeres and Overcoatings.

By all means see Our Mammoth

NEW FALL STOCK

BEFORE PURCHASING.

HACK THE TAILOR.

SOLID FACTS!

Five years ago we came to Coshocton to open a

MERCHANT TAILORING

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods

ESTABLISHMENT.

You all know what a small business was done here at that time—not ten persons employed at the business, nor a respectable show of Gents' Furnishing Goods in the city. Compare it with what is in the town at the present time.

WE HAVE BEEN

The Leader,

In both branches, and still

Lead the Business.

We employ 25 hands in our work room, and carry a stock of $15,000. We claim to have brought the business to what it is, and the question now arises, how have we done it. We answer, by

SELLING GOODS CHEAP

AND

Giving you your Money's Worth.

As we have done in the past, so we intend to do in the future, give you good goods for little money, insure you a stylish garment and Fashionable Gents' Furnishing Goods. We are better prepared this fall than ever to give you Goods that are Cheap and First Class, and we promise you that in five years from now we will more than

Double our Business,

And that is what makes the town.

We have just opened the largest line of Neckwear in the State. Call and take a look at the elegant line. We have also opened a large stock of

Under Shirts and Drawers,

Of all Colors and sizes. Do not forget to call and look through our establishment.

D. M. MOORE'S

ARTIST TAILORING HOUSE,

No. 422 Main Street.

BOOKS—500,000

VOLUMES, the choicest literature of the world. 100-Page Catalogue free. Lowest prices ever known. NOT sold by dealers. Sent for examination before payment on evidence of good faith.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher,
P. O. Box 1227. 18 Vesey St., N. Y.

Mason & Hamlin Organs.

New Illustrated Catalogue, (40 pp. 4to) for season of 1883-4, including many new styles; the best assortment of the best and most attractive Organs we have ever offered, and at lowest prices, $22 to $900, for cash, easy payments or rented. Sent free.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN & PIANO CO.

Boston, 154 Tremont St.; New York, 46 East 14th St.; Chicago, 149 Wabash Ave.

RATHER TOO LONG.

After Twenty Years on the Wrong Side of Life a Virginian Turns the Tables.

"How long did you say?"

"Twenty years, I said. Up to the time I mentioned I had suffered from diseased liver for twenty years," said Mr. S. T. Hancock, of Richmond, Va., half sadly, as though thinking of that dilapidated section of his life. "At times I almost wished it had pleased Providence to omit the liver from the human anatomy."

"Bad enough—twenty years of that sort of thing," responded a listener. "What was the upshot of it?"

"The upshot was that some time ago I went down to Scott's drug store in this city, and bought one of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTERS, applied it and was relieved in a few hours, and am now as sound as though my liver were made of india rubber."

Benson's—unlike the old fashioned kind of plasters—act promptly. Look for the word CAPCINE, which is cut in the genuine. Price 25 cents. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.,)

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

Schedule taking effect Jan. 14, 1883.

Trains depart from and arrive at P. C. and St. L. Ry. Depot, at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Express	*1:28 a. m.	*2:16 a. m.
Express	*3:47 a. m.	*2:47 a. m.
Accommodation	†6:46 a. m.	†7:30 p. m.
Express	*1:10 p. m.	*11:10 a. m.
Express	*5:52 p. m.	*8:40 p. m.

GOING EAST.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Express	*2:16 a. m.	*1:28 a. m.
Express	*2:46 a. m.	*3:47 a. m.
Express	*10:28 a. m.	*1:10 p. m.
Express	*2:40 p. m.	*7:58 p. m.
Accommodation	†7:26 p. m.	†6:46 a. m.

*Every day. †Except Sunday.

Local Freight going West leaves at 9:15 a. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Columbus. Going East leaves at 1:10 p. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Dennison.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Columbus time.

JAS. McCREA, Manager, Columbus, O.
E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass.& Tick't Ag't, Pittsburgh, Pa.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY,

WEST BEDFORD,

Coshocton County, Ohio.

Investments profitably and safely made, first mortgage. All real estate advantageously handled, largely advertised. Arrangements have been made with reliable parties in Indiana, Missouri, Kansas and other States for information and sale of Western land.

SOME FARMS FOR SALE.

No. 18. 240 acres—a good stock and grain farm, comparatively level for upland; living water; under good cultivation; one-half mile from village; choice orchard fruits, good house, stable and sheep barns; State road. In all respects easy of access. Cause of offering, owner afflicted. Price, $40; good time.

No. 21. 176 acres—Level, second bottom, clay loam and walnut soil, all under fence; about 8 acres timber; nearly all in good sod; public road bordering it. South boundary, side track of P. C. & St. L. R. R. at way station; two and one-half miles from town of 1500 inhabitants; excellent market; nursery of 1200 peach trees; comfortable houses and out buildings; easily divided in two lots. No better farm in township; price $60 per acre, if sold soon, on good payments.

No. 22. 140 acres—An excellent hill farm; joins village containing stores, good school and two churches; $1800 house; good barn; well watered; no better sheep farm in township; young orchard; good timber; easy of access. Price, $60 per acre, $2,000 cash, extra good time.

Two 20 acre lots, three 40 acre lots, good locations and good fixtures. Price, from $40 to 65, according to improvements.

TOWN.

No. 9. Two lots, brick house, all necessary convenience thereto, in a thriving village, stores, shops, tri-weekly mail. A good point for a harness shop. Price, $1,000.

No. 10. A town lot, two story frame house and one and one-half acres land. First-class for shoemaker, $700.

No. 19. Store property, one and one-half acres land, story and a half house of 7 rooms, with store room, well, cistern and stable, in village 5 miles from P. C. & St. L. R. R. station. Price, $1500 in thirds. Also, store goods in same, invoice $2800, average monthly sales, $500, stock profitably increased, sell or trade the whole for small tract of land.

FOREIGN.

100 farms in Daviess county, Indiana. Price, $30 to 50. Satisfactory information furnished.

160 acres in Wright county, Iowa, 100 acres broke, 30 acres pasture, fenced; young orchard; three and one-half miles from a town of 1000 inhabitants. Owner, a young man, lived on it for several years, now engaged in business. Price, $25 per acre.

100,000 acres of unimproved land. Price from $1.25 to $10 per acre.

100 farms from 40 to 1,000 acres. Price from $15 to $80 per acre.

References given, a liberal patronage solicited. S. M. MOORE.

Aug. 16-6m.

PERUNA [illegible] is composed wholly of [illegible] vegetable ingredients, each one of which is acknowledged by the medical profession to be the most potent of all the herbal remedies known to medical science. It cures without fail every [illegible]

[illegible]

If your Druggist is out of [illegible]

Bring your Job Printing to the Age office.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

"Died Game."

Detroit Free Press.

It is morning on the prairie.

To the east is the rosy sunrise and the dim, far away outline of a mountain range; to the north a shadowy line which may mean hills or timber; to the west and south a broad, level ocean of green grass which has no limit. It seems as level as a floor to the eye, but it is cut up with dry ravines and ditches, and there are sharp ridges and dips and sunken spots.

The sun is warm, the air still, and every blade of grass is loaded with diamond dew-drops. There is no bird to chirp, and no crickets to call out, but there is no feeling of loneliness. One who faces that morning sun and feels the vastness of the prairie is lost in quiet amazement. There is an awe upon him akin to that which man feels when he sees the ocean lashed to mighty fury. The one is an exhibition of Divine anger—the other of Divine peace.

See! A rough-clad, full-bearded man, of iron muscles and fearless courage, suddenly rises from a hollow, tosses aside his blanket, and slowly turns his head in every direction to scan the green grass sea. At the same moment his horse emerges from a dip which has heretofore sheltered him, and with a whinny of recognition and pleasure advances straight upon his master.

Alone! Man and horse are the only living creatures in sight. They are as much lost to the world as two grains of sand washing to and fro in the Atlantic. The master's hand steals up until it rests upon the horse's neck, and the faithful animal crowds a bit nearer. Both are awed by the broad expanse. The mighty grandeur of Nature steals in upon the man's soul, and it seems to pass like an electric current to the horse. He raises his head. His nostrils expand. His eyes grow clearer and larger. Surely he must see the picture spread out before him there, and something of its beauty must be felt.

See that! The man's hand goes up to shade his eyes. He is looking straight to the west. He stands like a rock, and his eyes are as keen as an eagle's. The horse is looking in the same direction, ears pricked forward, lips quivering and every muscle in his legs tightened up as if for a race. What is it? A flutter on the surface of the prairie caught the man's eye for an instant and then disappeared. It was two miles away. It was only a trifle; but on that trifle depends his life. A shipwrecked sailor catches his breath at sight of every white cloud creeping above the water line. The hunter of the prairie feels his heart pound at the flutter of a bird's wing—the bark of a coyote—the hoot of an owl—at sight of a hoof-print or a broken bush. These may mean nothing, or they may mean an ambush—a race for life—capture and torture.

"Yi! yi! yi!"

The level-seeming prairie is broken two miles away by a dry ravine deeper than a man's height. This curves and bends and leads on four miles. Scrambling out of its depths, and each one sounding his war-whoop as he mounts his pony, are a score of Indians.

For two days the hunter had swept the horizon in vain. He was alone on the great ocean. Night had been tranquil and full of sound sleep. Here, now, rising like spectres from the earth before him, is a band of blood-thirsty demons raving for his life. The sight stuns him for a few seconds. Then, with a growl of chagrin and defiance, he flings the saddle upon his horse, picks up his rifle, and while yet the Indians are a mile and a half away, he mounts and heads for the east.

A race for life has begun.

The hunter's horse strikes into a long, steady gallop, which would keep him alongside of a train of cars. There is a chorus of yells from the redskins as they make the first rush. Then the silence of the prairie is broken only by the thud! thud! of horses' feet. The very silence is ominous, and speaks of a grim determination to run the victim down.

Steady, now! The hunter's horse devours mile after mile of the green prairie, now at the crest of a swell—now almost hidden in a dip—now for an instant out of sight of those who follow. They gain a little. The hunter plans that they shall. Every yard they gain requires an extra speed that will take ten minutes off the race after high noon. At 10 o'clock they have gained half a mile. Then the pace is even, and neither loses nor gains.

There is something terribly grim in following a man to his death. Not a shout—not a call—not a rifle-shot. Thud! thud! thud! over level and ridge and always to the east. The sun mounts higher and higher, and now and then the hunter glances back with a faint hope that the pursuit has been abandoned. No! He might as well expect a wolf to quit the pursuit of a wounded deer leaving its life-blood to stain the grass at every rod.

It is high noon.

The pursuit began over sixty miles away, but the breeze brings to the hunter's ears that same monotony of hoof-beats, and he glances back to see that same dark line strung out at his heels. It has become a question of endurance. If he can tire them out he will escape. He shuts his teeth anew, reaches forward to caress his horse——

He is down? A burrow caught a foot as the horse sped onward and man and animal roll to the ground. The race is finished. The poor beast whinnies an apology for his fall as he flounders about with a broken leg, and the exultant shouts of the redskins hardly reach the hunter's ears before he is down alongside the crippled horse and his rifle aimed at the approaching foe.

It is another bright, peaceful day. Here are the same pure air, the same blue sky, the same panorama of grass and flowers and dimly outlined mountains.

A band of hunters are crossing the prairie at a steady gallop, instead of a single man riding for his life. A vulture rises up with a hoarse scream—a second—a third, and the odor of decay reaches the nostrils of riders and horses. The band halts, rides to the left, and presently all look down upon a sight which tells its own story. The swollen carcass of a horse, the scalped and disfigured body of a hunter—trampled grass—spots of blood—broken arrows—the earth uptorn by hoofs.

One with stouter heart than the rest dismounts and picks up a dozen flattened bullets and a score of arrows. Then he circles round the spot and gathers up the empty shells thrown out by the hunter's Winchester. Bullets, arrows and shells are deposited in a heap by the corpse, and the man points out [illegible] where [illegible] show [illegible]. Then in a voice in which sorrow and pride were mingled he whispers:

"Poor Tom! But he died game!"

A SYNOPSIS OF SIGHT-SEEING.

A [illegible] Trip.

[illegible]

I have seen the adobe houses of the Mexicans at Pueblo, [illegible] filth than ever dreamed of [illegible] family; wherein men, women, girls and visitors alike slept under straw on a clay floor, in the one room which was alike kitchen, parlor and bedroom. I have seen Mexican girls with castanets dancing a fandango, wearing nothing but a few sunflowers in their long black hair, unabashed in the presence of a hundred onlookers.

I have seen in the streets of twenty-saloon towns open gambling hells, with a sign above the door, "Cards and Rum." I have seen on the streets of Denver splendid houses, the occupation of whose female inmates was only too plainly indicated by a transparency gas lamp suspended in the vestibule.

I have seen mountains of rocks thousands of feet high, with the stones arranged layer upon layer as if built by a mason, as regularly and carefully laid, and I have been standing in the middle of a plain, a flat stone, on its edge 330 feet to the top. And I have seen in the Royal Gorge a mountain over 2,000 feet high, all seeming one solid stone, without a crack or crevice, actually one big solid rock.

I have seen, and have in my satchel, specimens of coal brought from the same mountain, one from an anthracite vein proving up 80 per cent. carbon, and another of bituminous coal from a vein eight feet thick, and from a tested field of 8,500 acres owned by one man.

I have seen a girl, dashing over the plains on horseback, dismount to pick a bouquet for her hat, and, calling her Newfoundland dog, step on his back and remount.

I have seen an open bible lying on an elegantly carved oak altar at the entrance of a rum shop and gambling den at Leadville, and above the bible a sign painted, saying: "Please, kind friends, don't swear." Think of such an appeal, made in such a way, by the keeper of a drinking den!

I have ridden in a palace car on a Rio Grande railroad, the name of which, painted on its side in gilt letters, was "The blood of Jesus," followed by another car named "Heart of the Saviour."

I have traveled nearly 2,000 miles over territory west of the Missouri river in a land which my mind had peopled with Indians, and have not seen an Indian on the whole trip—not one—except two filthy squaws on the station platform at Cheyenne.

Chance for a Re-Evolutionist.

Chicago Times.

A South American journal is authority for the statement that two specimens of a race of tailed men have been discovered in Paraguay, and that they are now in the possession of a Portugese gentleman residing at Posadas, in the Argentine confederation. The captives are doth males and are quite young. Their keeper says they are unmistakably human beings, and he thinks they should be called boys. Like most of the natives of the country where they are found, they are extremely ugly. They have the requisite number of fingers and toes, walk erect when they choose to do so, and utter articulate sounds. They are mild, docile, and manifest considerable affection. Their spines project quite a distance from their bodies, or, in other words, they are furnished with tails. At present these are only about eight inches long, but as the interesting creature are mere children it is thought that their tails will be fully two feet long when their growth is completed.

It is possible that some lover of antique forms or would-be reformer will seek to re-evolve tails in the human species. In a prairie country they would be entirely useless and probably quite inconvenient. Mature men would find little use for them anywhere. In a wooded country, however, prehensile tails might be very convenient for small boys. They could hunt birds' nests and gather nuts without danger of falling to the ground. They could swing from branches of trees at pleasure, without being at the trouble of attaching ropes to them. They would probably forego the pleasure of rolling marbles on muddy ground, spattering dirty water on passers-by, and playing "leap-frog," if they were provided with suitable means of supporting themselves in the air. The trouble of taking care of small boys would be greatly diminished if they were provided with tails, as spiders and monkeys are. If they could spend most of their time swinging from telegraph wires or the branches of trees, their shoes and clothes would be less likely to become soiled. The small boy was undoubtedly a loser by the evolution process. He will be likely to look with envy on his South American cousins, who have not been subjected to so many improvements and curtailments.

For and About Women.

Woman is the masterpiece.—[Confucius.

Woman is the crown of creation—[Herder.

He that takes a wife takes care.—[Franklin.

Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.—[Voltaire.

All that I am my mother made me.—[John Quincy Adams.

No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.—[Richter.

The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.—[N. P. Willis.

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women—[Voltaire.

Women are a new race, created since the world received Christianity—[Beecher.

But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.—[Leopold Tchefer.

Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from it.—[Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Woman is the Sunday of man; on his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.—[Michelet.

For where is there any author in the world catches such beauty as woman's eye?—[Shakspeare.

Monsignor Capel says it is a rare thing to find beauty of countenance in a woman allied with great strength of soul—intellectual power.

A lady in Toronto got to laughing over some amusing incident and couldn't stop. Finally a doctor was called in, and he couldn't quiet her. But at last a friend thought to remark that the lady's mouth looked very large when she laughed, and that put a stop to the mirth in a minute.

Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe and other Massachusetts women have addressed the Massachusetts Democratic State Central Committees asking that "no one be nominated for governor who is opposed to woman suffrage, and who would hence veto any bill that provided for our enfranchisement." [illegible] claim [illegible] the [illegible] of women ought to be the main question in politics, and urge that "it is the duty of political leaders to put forward the enfranchisement of women in their platform as a question of the highest importance alike as it affects the honor of men, the rights of women and welfare of the State.

MARYLAND TO THE FRONT.

The Hon. Oden Bowie, Ex-Governor of Maryland, President of the Baltimore Passenger Railway Co., also President of the Maryland Jockey Club says: "In both my family, and in my private stables, as well as those of the Passenger Railway Co. I have used St. Jacobs Oil most satisfactorily." Such a statement ought to convince every reader of this paper.

He who gives you fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon.

Do not neglect a common cold, it will result in disease and perhaps death. Down's Elixer will cure it at once. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co

The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

MINISTERS SOUND ITS PRAISE.

Rev, Mr. Greenfields Knoxville Tenn., writes as follows: "*Samaritan Nervine* permanently cured my son of epileptic fits." Here's food for thought. Sold by druggists, $1.50.

It is as easy to improve five talents as one.

S. E. Parker, Cincinnatti, O., says: "Through Brown's Iron Bitters I have gained both appetite and energy.

Men seldom die of hard work, activity is God's measure.

For dressing the hair, and beautifying it when gray, nothing is so satisfactory as Parker's Hair Balsam.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.

Baxter's Bitters at the same time invigorate and purify the system. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co.

Time is the most precious of all possessions.

HAY FEVER.

For Hay Fever I recommend Ely's Cream Balm. It entirely relieved me from the first application; have been a sufferer for ten years. Going from home and neglecting to take the remedy, I had an attack; after returning I immediate resorted to it, and found instant relief. I believe had I begun its use earlier, I should not have been troubled.—J. Collver, Clerk, 118 Broad Street, Elizabeth N. J. Easily applied.

Having been afflicted with Hay Fever for years I gave Ely's Cream balm a trial. I had no attacks since using it.—E. R. Rauch, Editor Carbon Co., Democrat, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

I recommend to those suffering with Hay Fever, Ely's Cream Balm. I have tried nearly all the remedies, and give this one a preferance overall. It has given me immediate relief.—C. T. Stephans, Hardware Merchant, Ithaca, N. Y. 50 cents.

Take your place moderately in life's banquet and ask for nothing not on the bill of fair.

SCROFULA.—A medicine that destroys the germs of Scrofula and has the power to root it out is appreciated by the afflicted. The remarkable cures of men women and children as described by testimonials, prove that Hoods Sarsaparilla a reliable medicine containing remedial agents which eradicate Scrofula from the blood. 100 doses $1.00. Sold by all dealers. C. I. Hood & Co Lowell Mass.

The well bred lad has very few wild oats to sow.

THE HIGHEST EDUCATION.

There is a great deal that is wrong in our modern education. It teaches a man to be a gentleman, but it does not give him the power of making a living. It stuffs him with facts and meaningless words, phrases and theories, but does not enable him to become a man in the highest and best sense. His education is too general and not practical enough. All classes should be taught that the Peruna—the great remedy compounded by Dr. Hartman is the very thing he needs for the restoration of his health. Being composed of pure vegitables, and containing no poisonous minerals, it is just the thing for all classes of people, and all should learn at once that it is to their interest to inquire into the merits of this medicine, for therein lies the highest education. Ask your druggist for Peruna.

Hope softens sorrow, brightens plain surroundings and eases a hard lot.

A SURE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES.

By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures as if by magic: Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs, Blotches, and Eruptions on the Face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt Rheum, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, Old, Obstinate Ulcers and Sores etc Sold by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb8-1y.

He who cultivates a taste for reading in his youth plants good seed.

Mary Stuart Face Powder

Contains no mineral poison. Tint or White 25c a box at L. K. Anderson's. 11-25-1y

Rock Candy Cough Cure.

Warranted to cure or money refunded, Cold Coughs, Hoarseness, Throat and troubles (also good for children.) Rock Candy Cough Cure contains the healing properties of pure white Rock [C]andy with Extracts of Roots and Herbs. Only 25c. Large bottles $1.00 cheapest to buy. For sale by L. K. Anderson

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles, has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian remedy,) called DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN OINTMENT. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

For sale by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co. Coshocton, O.

Legal Notice.

William O. Boyd, who resides at Lebanon, Laclede county, Missouri, Richard A. Boyd, who resides at Boundary City, Jay county, Indiana, Alexandria Tess, John Boyd, Truman Boyd, Mary B. Boyd, Catherine Boyd and Daniel Boyd, children and heirs at law of Margaret J. Boyd, deceased, who reside at Portland, Jay county, in the State of Indiana, will take notice that on the 17th day of August, A. D., 1883, Mary Boyd filed her petition in the Court of Common Pleas of Coshocton county, Ohio, against the above named parties and others, praying for partition of the following described premises, to-wit: Situate in the township of White Eyes, county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and being the east half of the north-west quarter of section numbered thirteen, township six, range five, of the lands subject to sale in the U. S. Military land District of Zanesville, Ohio, containing eighty acres of land more or less.

Also, the following described premises, situate in said township, county and State, and known as lots numbered thirteen and fourteen, and a part of lot twelve in the village of [illegible] All of said lands were owned by Daniel Boyd at the time of his decease.

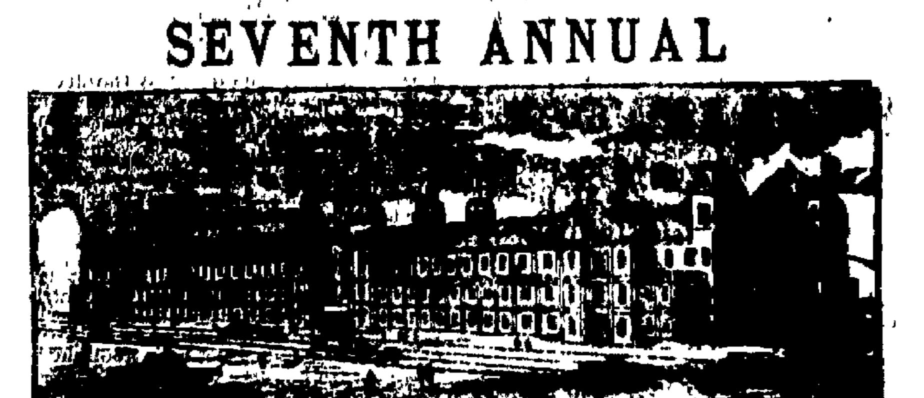
Said parties are required to answer on or before [illegible] October, A. D. [illegible]

MARY BOYD.

J. M. Compton, Att'y. for Plaintiff.

Sept8-6t.

SEVENTH ANNUAL



Pittsburgh Exposition

NOW OPEN!

Closes October 13th.

SPECIAL EXCURSION RATES

On all Railroads Entering Pittsburgh & Allegheny.

DON'T FAIL TO VISIT IT!

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

Mr. JULES LEVY, the Famous Cornetist!

Shooting Contests between Capt. E. E. Stubbs and Mr. Gwynne Price.

Wonderful Rifle Shooting by Capt. E. E. STUBBS.

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BASE BALL GAMES: Chicago and Providence Clubs. Verner Stars and B. D. Wood Clubs.

SKIRMISH DRILL by CAPT. BARR'S GARFIELD ESCORT CORPS.

JAPANESE DAYLIGHT FIREWORKS.

EVENING FIREWORKS. TROTTING RACES. RUNNING RACES.

BALLOON ASCENSIONS.

PACING RACES. PONY RACES. MULE RACES.

RELIC DEPARTMENT—ART GALLERY—GRAND ARMY DISPLAY.

Grandest Exhibition of Art, Industry & Manufacture ever held in Pittsburgh.

E. P. YOUNG, General Manager. J. C. PATTERSON, Secretary.

CENTRAL HOUSE,

CORNER OF MAIN AND SECOND STREETS,

COSHOCTON, OHIO.

The Cheapest First-Class House in the City.

ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

Has been newly refitted and refurnished. Give them a call and convince yourself.

Mrs. E. V. WHITAKER, Proprietress.

A. McCAIN, Manager.

Aug.25-6t.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY DELAWARE, OHIO.

[illegible] students last year. Open to both sexes. In scholarship, low expenses, and commanding influence, among the first colleges east or west. Ladies under special supervision in an elegant home. Conservatory of Music. Art Department. Academic, Normal and Business Courses. Necessary annual expenses under $200. For catalogue, address C. H. PAYNE, President.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep; 'Tis Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms, But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion, But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

NEW CASH STORE.

YOU Need DRY GOODS, Don't You?

YOU Want Your Money's Worth, Don't You?

YOU Go to J. N. BELL & Co., They will Suit You.

EAST ROOM, NEW PARK HOTEL.

TO THE FRONT!

J. R. STEWART.

Business is booming at J. R. Stewart's Carriage Works, where he manufactures fine

Carriages, Phaetons and Spring Wagons.

All work warranted. Repairing in all its branches in a neat and substantial manner. Remember the place,

[illegible] Street, [illegible]

TERRIBLE RACKET

---IN---

ROSCOE,

Caused by the tumbling down of prices on

CARPETS AND CLOTHING

At the Store of

J. L. SMITH & SON,

Which the following prices will show:

Ex. super ingrains 80c per yard, former price 95c.
Standard all wool " 65c " " " " 80c.

Kensington's, all wool fill. 50c per yard, former price .65c.

Double, Eaglesport wool fill, 40c per yard, former price 55c.

Lower grades of ingrains proportionably low. Also, a full line of Stair Carpets at correspondingly low prices.

We could not, by giving you prices on clothing, convey to you how low we would sell. Seeing the Clothing for yourself and comparing prices got elsewhere, is the only way that the truth can be brought forcibly to your mind.

J. L. Smith & Son.

SOMETHING NEW

ON SOUTH THIRD STREET,

THE BUCKEYE PLANING MILL CO.

All kinds of Shop work a specialty. Wood Turning and Stair Building done in No. one style and at reasonable prices. All kinds of

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Flooring, Moldings, &c.

Come and see us if you wish to purchase anything in our line. may5-6m.

Legal Notice.

Mary E. Gonder, Elvina Shumaker and Thomas J. Bailey, who reside at Chetopa, Labette county, in the State of Kansas, and James M. Bailey, who resides at Tippecanoe, Marshall county, in the State of Indiana, will take notice that on the 7th day of August, 1883, Rubina J. Randles and James P. Randles, her husband, filed their petition in the Common Pleas Court of Coshocton county, Ohio, against the above named parties and others praying for partition of the following described real estate, situate in New Castle township, Coshocton county, Ohio: And being sixty five and one-half acres off the east side of the south west quarter of section numbered twenty-one, township number six, and range nine, and being a part of the lands owned by Edward Bailey at the time of his decease.

Also, a part of said south-west quarter of section twenty-one, township six and range nine, bounded and described as follows: Commencing for boundary on the north line of said quarter section 56½ rods east of the north west corner of said quarter section; thence east along said north line twenty rods; thence south 160 rods to the south line of said south-west quarter; thence west 20 rods along said south line; thence north to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres, more or less.

Said parties are required to answer on or before the 6th day of October, A. D., 1883, or judgment may be taken against them.

RUBINA J. RANDLES.

J. M. Compton, Att'y. for Plaintiffs.

Aug11-6w.

CAPTITAL CITY Commercial College

Columbus, Ohio. Send for Circulars. WOOD, HUFF, COOPER & MURRAY, Proprietors.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. L. M. GRAY, of Zanesville, O.,

For twenty-two years I have been practicing Dentistry in Zanesville. My work challenges comparison with that of any other Dentist in the State of Ohio. I have always labored to keep my prices up to the professional standard, but my competitors have zealously and constantly labored to lower that standard, by peddling Dentistry all around over the country with a horse and wagon, doing cheap work, thereby lowering the dignity of the Dental profession. I now decide not only to still maintain my position at the head of the profession in skill, but to announce to the citizens of Coshocton and vicinity that from this time forth I enter the ring for competition in prices. A fine set of Teeth on best Rubber, $10.00, and pay railroad fare from and to Coshocton, or $8.00 and customers pay fare; the finest gold filling $1.00. Condensed Nitrous Oxide from the best manufacturers in the world for extracting Teeth without a particle of pain. aug11.

Administrator's Sale.

In pursuance of the provisions of the last will and testament of William Shears, late of Coshocton county, Ohio, deceased, I will offer for sale, at public auction, on the premises, on Monday, the

1st Day of October, A. D. 1883,

At one o'clock afternoon, on the premises, the following described real estate, situate in the county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and in the township of Jackson, to-wit: The east half of the south half of the south-east quarter of section twenty (20), in township five (5), and range seven (7), containing forty (40) acres, more or less.

Appraised at $1,800.

Terms of sale—One-third in hand, one-third in one year and one-third in two years from the day of sale, with interest. The deferred payments to be secured by mortgage upon the premises sold.

JOHN WAGONER, Executor of William Shearn, deceased.

Sept1-5t.

S. J. STICKLE. SAM. H. NICHOLAS

STICKLE & NICHOLAS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

OFFICE in City Hall Building, COSHOCTON, Ohio

FARM FOR SALE.

300 ACRES.

Four miles from Coshocton and one mile from Keene, Ohio, on Millersburg road. [illegible] acres cleared, [illegible] acres good bottom land, [illegible] acres timber. Frame house [illegible] one and a half stories, with one story addition [illegible], in all 13 rooms. Frame barn 75X40, with frame basement for horses, sheep and cattle, and room above for [illegible] tons of hay. Two frame sheep houses [illegible], [illegible] feet posts. Granary and carriage house [illegible] and and a half stories. Good cellar, [illegible], and all other necessary outbuildings. Also tenant house on premises. Buildings mostly new and in good repair. Plenty of living water, good fences, bearing orchards, &c. For terms call on premises, or address the subscriber,

G. W. NORMAN, Aurora, Nebraska.

June[illegible].

J. M. COMPTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Coshocton, O.—Office: East side Public Square, in Equity Building.

[illegible] B. Nicholas.................. B. W. James

NICHOLAS & JAMES,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Coshocton, O.—Will promptly attend to [illegible]

Office: On Third St., Opposite Public Square.

[illegible]

[illegible]

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Has "decided" claims upon the public. This is positively proven by the immense good it has done to those who have been cured of diseases from which they have suffered intensely for years, as verified by the published testimonials, every one of which is a positive fact.

CHILI ?, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1879.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.: The 6th day of last June I was taken sick with a swelling on my right foot and with an awful pain. The swelling went all over me. My face was swelled so that I could with difficulty see out of my eyes, and I broke out over the whole surface of my body; my right foot up to my knee was one sore, itching mass, and my ankle and foot so lame and sore I could not step on it, and it would run so as to wet a bandage through in an hour. In this condition Mr. W. B. Hood (of the firm of A. B. Hood & Son, druggists of this town), handed me a bottle of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, and told me to take it. I did so, and by the time I had taken one bottle I found that it was doing me good. I have since taken five bottles more. After I had taken three bottles my soreness began to leave me, and I have been growing better every day, so that to-day I can walk without being lame. I have no soreness in my ankle and it has healed all up, and does not run at all. I owe my recovery to your Sarsaparilla. I write this to let you know that I think it deserves the confidence of the public, especially those who are troubled with humors.

Yours truly,

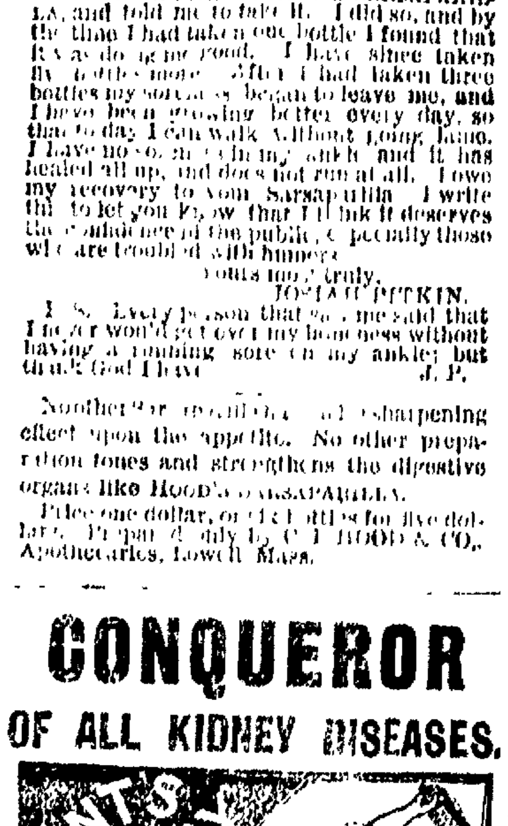
JOSIAH PITKIN.

P. S. Every person that saw me said that I never would get over my lameness without having a running sore on my ankle; but thank God I have. J. P.

Another ?? ?? ?? ?? sharpening effect upon the appetite. No other preparation tones and strengthens the digestive organs like HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Price one dollar, or six bottles for five dollars. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

CONQUEROR OF ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.



THE BEST

KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

"I had suffered twenty years with severe disease of the kidneys; before using Hunt's Remedy two days I was relieved, and am now well." JOSHUA TUTHILL.

"My physicians thought that I was paralyzed on one side. I was terribly afflicted with rheumatism from 1869 to 1880. I was cured by Hunt's Remedy." STEPHEN G. MASON.

"My doctor pronounced my case Bright's Disease, and told me that I could live only forty-eight hours. I then took Hunt's Remedy, and was speedily cured." M. GOODSPEED.

"Having suffered twenty years with kidney disease, and employed various physicians without being relieved, I was then cured by Hunt's Remedy." SULLIVAN FENNER.

"I have been greatly benefited by the use of Hunt's Remedy. For diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs there is nothing superior." A. D. NICKERSON.

ALBERT HOLT, Esq., paymaster Boston and Albany Railroad, writes: "I have used Hunt's Remedy, and my experience with it has been such that I can cheerfully say that I am satisfied that it will do just what it promises to do."

"I was unable to arise from bed from an attack of kidney disease. The doctors could not relieve me. I was finally completely cured by using Hunt's Remedy." FRANK R. DICKSON.

"I have suffered extremely with kidney disease; after using Hunt's Remedy two days, I was enabled to resume business." GEO. F. CLARK.

One trial will convince you. For sale by all Druggists. Send for Pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.

Prices 75 cents and $1.25.

TOBACCO CHEWERS
A REWARD

Of $555 CASH, 1,000 Imported Novelty Pocket Knives and 5,000 pounds of the Great

ZOO-ZOO
CHEWING TOBACCO TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

EVERY CONSUMER saving over 80 tags will be REWARDED. $100 to 1st, $90 to 2d, $80 to 3d, $70 to 4th, $60 to 5th, $50 to 6th, $40 to 7th, $30 to 8th, $20 to 9th, $10 to 10th, $5 to 11th, 1,000 Imported Pocket Knives worth $1 each, and 5,000 pounds ZOO-ZOO Plug Tobacco, to be given in rotation, the largest number of tags returned will receive the first reward, $100 Cash, second highest, $90, and so on down to a 10ct. plug of ZOO-ZOO tobacco. These Christmas and New Year rewards will be distributed between December 25th and January 1st. Chew this delightful tobacco, the best ever made. Save the tags and send them by mail, between December 15th and 25th, to the

WILSON & McCALLAY TOBACCO CO. MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

Cut address out and paste on Envelope. This is THE FINEST POUND PLUG EVER MADE. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR ZOO-ZOO. Insist on having it and you will use no other.

TID BITS

"A delicate bit, a rarity, a choice thing."—Encyclopedia.

SOLD BY STOREKEEPERS!

H. A. BARTLETT & CO., Makers, 113, 115 and 117 N. Front St., Phila, Pa.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

Imitation always follows a successful article, and imitation is one of the best proofs of real honest merit; and thus it is that the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* has its imitators. Buyers can always tell the genuine by the trade-mark of a *crown*, from which is *suspended* a pair of *scales*. Be sure BOTH *crown* and *scales* are stamped in the cap of the watch case. Jewelers are very cautious about endorsing an article unless they not only *know* that it is good, but that the character of the manufacturers is such that the quality of the goods will be *kept fully up to standard*.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., Feb. 13, 1882.

The James Boss' Gold Watch Cases go like hot cakes. Each one I sell sells another. Don't need to recommend them; they sell themselves. One of my customers has had a James Boss' Gold Watch Case in use for 20 years, and it is as good as ever. With this case I do not hesitate to give my own guarantee, especially with the new and improved cases, which seem to be everlasting. JAMES T. LITTLE, Jeweler.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J., Jan. 3, 1882.

This gold case, No. [illegible], known as the James Boss' Gold Watch Case, came into my possession about [illegible] has been in use since that time, and is still in good condition. [illegible]

[illegible]

(To be Continued.)

[illegible] No ice? [illegible]

N[illegible] that the under[illegible]

A Child Killed by Fright.

From the Arkansaw Gazette

Few people seem to properly estimate the great wrong of frightening children. Nearly every household has its "ugly old man," or its "great old bear." This terrible old man and this great old bear are powerful factors in nursery discipline. "Come along here, now," a mother or nurse will say to a child, "and let me put you to bed." "I don't want to go now," the child replies. "You'd better come on here now, or I'll tell that ugly old man to come and take you away. There he comes now." This has the intended effect, and the child, trembling in fear, submits at once and goes to bed, probably to see in imagination all kinds of horrible faces.

The sad death of a little girl, which occurred recently, shows what a strong impression these "boogers" make on the minds of children. The little girl was a beautiful child, and every one at the fashionable boarding house where her parents were spending the summer months loved her with that purity of affection which a child so gently yet so strongly inspires. She would stand at the gate and clap her little hands in glee when her father came to dinner, and when he would take her on his shoulder, she would shout and call to every one to look how high she was. One day a large shaggy dog came into the yard, and when she ran to him and held a flower to his nose, he growled and turned away. She was terribly frightened, and the black nurse, who stood near, was not slow in making a mental note of the impression the dog had made. Several nights afterward, when bedtime came, the child was unusually wakeful.

"You'd better come heah an' git in dis bed," the nurse commanded.

"I don't want to."

"All right, den. I'se gwine out an' call dat ole dog what growled at yer. When he comes an' fin's yer outen der bed, he'll bite her head off."

The little girl grew deathly pale.

"Nuthin' would suit dat dog better den ter git a chance at yer. 'Tother night he cotch a little girl across de road an' eat her all up."

The child screamed.

"Come on heah den, an' I wont let ketch yer."

The poor little thing obeyed. Her father and mother were at an entertainment and there was no appeal from the negro woman's decision. When morning came the little girl did not awake with her glad "good mornin', papa an' mamma." She had tossed all night and a hot fever had settled upon her. She grew rapidly worse, and the next day the physician declared there was no hope for her. She became delirious and struggling would exclaim:

"Dog shan't have mamma's little girl!"

It was a sorrowing circle that surrounded her death bed. The parents were plunged into a grief which none but the hearts of fathers and mothers can feel.

Her last moments were a series of struggles. How hard the beautiful can die. She wildly threw up her little hands and shrieked:

"Go away, dog!"

A gentle hand wiped the death froth from her lips.

Again she struggle and shrieked: "Dog shan't have——" but she died ere the sentence was finished.

The Stratford Mystery.

The latest Connecticut mystery is the most mysterious of all. Within a few years a number of women have been murdered in that so-called "land of steady habits," and the murderers have either never been arrested or have gone free after sensational trials, in which wealth and personal influence triumphed over justice.

The killing of Rose Ambler near Stratford appears to be a genuine mystery, baffling all attempts at investigation. No one doubts that she was brutally murdered, and the crime has thoroughly aroused curiosity and created intense excitement in New England. But two weeks have passed and yet the authorities are wholly in the dark regarding the tragedy. Every theory fails.

The story reads like a romance. Rose Ambler was a young woman of prepossessing appearance. She had been married. Her husband abused her and she obtained a divorce from him. She was courted by William Lewis, who lives a short distance from Stratford, and they became engaged. He was happy in his choice and was building a house in anticipation of their marriage. One week ago last Sunday night Rose went to see him—Lewis resides with his parents—and left the house alone between nine and ten o'clock to return home. She had frequently done so before. The night was dark, but her way lay over a familiar and much-traveled road. She was not again seen alive. About an hour after her departure from the Lewis residence people living along the road heard a scream, which they supposed was that of a screech-owl, and thought nothing of it. Next morning her body was found behind a wall at the side of the road. Her appearance indicated a desperate struggle. There were marks of violence at her throat. She died from strangulation.

The detectives at once began to spin theories. Lewis was suspected; but when the facts were known it seemed a cruel suspicion. There had been no disagreement between Rose and her lover. Then it was whispered that Ambler, her former husband, had committed the deed; but evidence is not lacking that Ambler had the kindest feelings for her; besides, Ambler was not in that part of the State at the time. Suspicion rested on a young negro, but it was unreasonable, for there were no circumstances connected with the crime which might not as well implicate a hundred others. People began to gossip, also, about a man named Curtis, a respectable citizen of Stratford. One detective said he had heard that the bamboo cane carried by Curtis, which has not been seen since the night of the murder, had been found on a fence near the scene of the tragedy; and he understood there were some scratches on the back of one of Curtis' hands. These things need confirmation. Curtis is indignant that his name should be associated with the crime. Even those who talk as if they suspected him find it impossible, apparently, to assign a motive. He knew Rose, but for all anybody seems to know he had no more reason to kill her than had any of his neighbors.

Time may unravel the mystery and place the murderer in the hands of the authorities. He may escape conviction, as others have lately done in Connecticut, by the means that well-paid lawyers are able to devise. But Rose Ambler's fate should at least impress upon young women the important lesson that it is unsafe for them to venture out at night unattended.

A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.—[Ben Johnson.

Julia Ward Howe preached for the Unitarian Church at Twington, R. I., last Sunday in the absence of a clergyman.

It goes far towards reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of marrying one.—[Lady Montague.

The love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.—[Swift.

What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows! What poor, defenseless creatures they would be.—[Douglas Jerrold.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—[Swift.

HOW HE DOUBLED HIS TRADE.

Mr. Benj. W. Paten, pharmacist, Globe Village Mass, says that the miraculous pain cure, St. Jacobs Oil, has greatly helped his other business, and the sales of the remedy have doubled in one month. He keeps a large supply always on hand. Officers of the Army and Navy pronounce St. Jacobs Oil the greatest pain-cure of the age.

The greatest events of the age are its best thought. It is the nature of thought to find its way into action.

C. E. Boehm, Germantown, O., says 'I handle Brown's Iron Bitters with entire satisfaction to myself and customers."

Old truths are always new to us if they come with the smell of Heaven upon them.

Good health is the greatest of fortunes; no remedy has so often restored it to the suffering as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it

Sweep first before your own door, before you sweep before your neighbor's.

SKILL VS. IGNORANCE.

As a perfect pharmaceutical preparation we are told that Hoods Sarsaparilla surpasses any proprietary article upon the market. Even to our inexperienced eye we see positive indications of the truth of the foregoing. A glance at the article shows the scrupulous neatness and care with which the detail of its manufacture and putting up must be conducted. These points are of importance in any business, but in the manipulations of importance for the relief of human suffering they become of supreme importance and only such are worthy public confidence. sep22-4t.

A Russian proverb says: The devil lies where the water is stillest.

LIKE HOT CAKES.

The above is an old time expression, and is nearly as "old as the hills," but yet it is occasionally brought into good use, and placed in a position where it counts. This is true in the following testimonials sent to Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co. by Messrs. Parrett & Son, druggists of Greenfield, Ohio, who say:

"Send us some more advertising matter. Your medicine selling like hot cakes. Send us a good supply, for we need it badly."

These men know when they handle a good thing. Judging from the above, PERUNA must be in good demand in that country. Being composed of purely vegitable ingredients they feel safe in recommending them to their friends. Send for the pamphlet on the "Ills of life."

Error may be tolerated, if reason be free to combat it.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

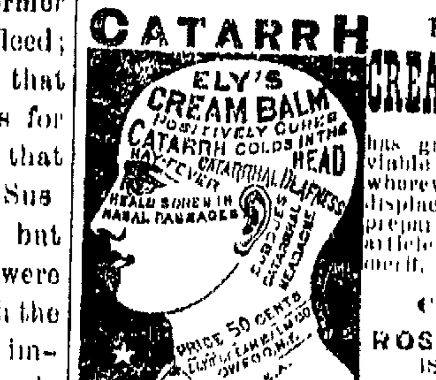
Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. Vogeler & Co.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit.

CURES ROSE COLD. IS NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF.

Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.

A thorough treatment will cure.

Unequaled for COLD in the HEAD, Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritations. Send for circular. By mail, prepaid, 50c a package. Stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. ELY BROTHERS, Owego, N. Y. nov23-ly

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Nervous Weakness it instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutralizes germs of disease and saves sickness. Cures

A SKEPTIC SAID

ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds. Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, removing the cause. Routs bilious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalled by none in the delirium of fever. A charming resolvent and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Relieves

SAMARITAN NERVINE

the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it. Restores life-giving properties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. Reliable when all opiates fail. Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR NEVER FAILS

Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror. Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand leading citizens, clergymen and physicians in U. S. and Europe. For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50. (13)

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med Co. St. Joseph, Mo.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN' IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters; I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the *king of medicines*.

JOHN K. ALLENDER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

REAL ESTAT FOR SALE

AT THE OFFICE OF

BUCKLEW & MURPHEY, MAIN STREET, COSHOCTON - - - OHIO.

E. McDONALD,

Cor. Main and 3d Streets, COSHOCTON, O.

Sole Agent for the CASADAY and OLIVER CHILLED

PLOWS,

Brown Cultivators, Milburn Farm Wagons, And Dealer in GENERAL HARDWARE,

STOVES, &C.

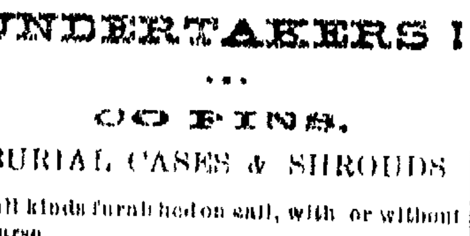
Call and examine Goods and Prices before Buying.

E. McDONALD.

D. ROSE & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

FURNITURE AND GENERAL FURNISHING



UNDERTAKERS!

COFFINS, BURIAL CASES & SHROUDS of all kinds furnished on call, with or without Hearse.

RICKETTS' BLOCK, Main Street, COSHOCTON, OHIO

CURE GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES For old and young, male and female

MAGNETIC MEDICINE, a brain and nerve food. Positively cures Night Losses, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Leucorrhoea, Barrenness (Before) and for all weakness of (After) the Generative Organs in either sex. It is an unfailing and positive cure. Tones up the debilitated system, arrests all involuntary discharges, removes mental gloom and despondency, and restores wonderful power to the weakened organs. With each order for TWELVE packages, accompanied with five dollars we will send our GUARANTEE or refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the cheapest and BEST medicine in the market. Full particulars in Pamphlet, which we mail free to any address. Sold by all Druggists, one package 50c. Six for $2.50, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., DETROIT, MICH. Sold in Coshocton by J. F. Compton, who will issue guarantees. Sept. 30-1 year

O

The BUYERS' GUIDE, No. 34, Fall and Winter, 1883, gives wholesale prices *direct to consumers* on everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. Tells how to order with exact cost, 216 pages—large ones—3,300 illustrations—a whole picture gallery. Contains information gleaned from the markets of the world. No other price-book in existence contains as much information. Sent free to any address upon receipt of postage (7 cts). Let us hear from you, or visit us when in our city. Near Exposition Buildings. Respectfully,

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. 227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. WIJuly28-tf

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

When all other remedies fail, DR. FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS will cure General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach, Liver an Kidneys. M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O feb18-1y.

B. F. SELLS'

LIVERY STABLE,

In rear of Central House,

Main Street, Coshocton, O

Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready

Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses entrusted to my charge, at reasonable rate Give me a call. B. F. SELLS.

FARM FOR SALE,

—IN—

Caldwell County, Missouri.

A good improved farm of 200 acres, 120 acres all prairie, good dwelling and out houses, divided off in meadows and plow land and lots, and orchard of apple and peach. (The 120 acres lays well, can all be plowed without a gully, stone or stump in the way, except a 20 yard long gully; well watered by three good wells and one pond, the balance 80 acres in two 40 acre pastures with three ponds for stock, this pasture is part timber, part prairie, mostly set with blue grass and clover; on this pasture is also a dwelling and out houses, with excellent well, all under good fence. Also, 20 acres of timber one mile off. Am two miles from the town of Mirable and 12 miles to nearest railroad town, with a good prospect of a new railroad within a mile of the place. Title good. Terms made easy, part down, part credit; can give possession any time this fall. Mr. Wilson Culverson, Levi Lininger and a Mr. Wolfe, of Coshocton county, were here last year and saw it. I can refer to them. References here, Martin Richard, John Chivens, Richard and Nicholas Cline, Henry and Stephen Vanolinda and Eli Platt, who all live in this neighborhood. HENRY H. ARENDS, Sept?-?m. Mirable, Mo.

HAVE YOU CANCER? IF YOU HAVE,

It can be Cured!

NO CURE, NO PAY!

Dr. J. Kinney, of Coshocton, has had long experience in the treatment of Cancer, and has been very successful. He can cure cancer beyond a doubt, taking them out root and branch, without the loss of blood, and without using the knife.

Cancer, to insure a cure, should be taken at an early stage, but he has effected cures when life had been despaired of. Below will be found the names of a few in this and adjoining counties who have been cured by him:

Joseph Barley, of Dresden, had cancer on the arm; cured in 1865.

Thos. Crosier, of Dresden, had cancer on the shoulder; cured in 1862.

Mrs. Zentmoyer, of Dresden, had cancer on the breast, and she was given up to die. It was cured by Dr. Kinney, and she lived five years, when she died from softening of the brain. Her husband is still living in Dresden.

John Love, of Keene township, had cancer some years since.

Cases have recently been successfully treated as follows:

Alexander Love, of Linton, had cancer on lip Treated successfully by Dr. Kinney.

Malachi Jones, Plainfield, had severe case of cancer on leg. Cured by Dr. Kinney.

Mrs. McMillian, Uhrichsville, had cancer on face. Dr. Kinney effected a perfect cure.

If any who read this have cancer, they should not delay another hour, because now you can be cured, but if let run you may die. Do not accept our word alone, but write to any of the above named parties who can tell you what was done for them. For further particulars call on or address,

DR. J. KINNEY, COSHOCTON, OHIO.

White Bronze Monuments,

Statuary, PORTRAITS AND BUSTS,

Superior to anything now on the market, for Cemetery purposes.

We are now prepared to furnish those wanting it, with Iron Cemetery Lot Fencing, Bronzed or Painted

All information cheerfully given. Correspondence solicited

OFFICE: Equity building, East of Public Square, Fourth Street.

W. H. ROBINSON, Local Agent.

L. B. WOLFE, General Agent for Coshocton and Knox counties.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Jan6-1y.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time." $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. Jan6-1y.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. Jan6-1y.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,

COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS., COSHOCTON, OHIO,

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April, September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.

Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail

GEO. T. EAGLE, The People's Shoemaker,

PRICE HOUSE BLOCK,

Takes pleasure in informing his many patrons and the people generally that he gets up the best Boots and Shoes, does the neatest repairing for less money than any other shop in town. Call and examine work and prices and be convinced.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT

—TO THE—

CONSTITUTION OF OHIO.

JUDICIAL.

HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 73.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to article four of the constitution of the State.

SECTION 1. *Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio*, (three-fifths of the members elected to each house agreeing thereto), That a proposition to amend the constitution of the State of Ohio be, and the same is hereby submitted to the electors of the State at the election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1883, as follows:

That sections one, two and six of article four, entitled "Judicial" be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 1. The judicial power of the State is vested in a supreme court, circuit courts, courts of common pleas, courts of probate, justices of the peace, and such other courts inferior to the supreme court, as the general assembly may from time to time establish.

Section 2. The supreme court shall, until otherwise provided by law, consist of five judges, a majority of whom competent to sit shall be necessary to form a quorum or to pronounce a decision, except as hereinafter provided. It shall have original jurisdiction in *quo warranto, mandamus, habeas corpus* and *procedendo*, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. It shall hold at least one term in each year at the seat of government, and such other terms, there or elsewhere, as may be provided by law. The judges of the supreme court shall be elected by the electors of the State at large, for such term, not less than five years, as the general assembly may prescribe, and they shall be elected and their official term shall begin at such time as may be fixed by law. In case the general assembly shall increase the number of such judges, the first term of each of such additional judges shall be such, that in each year after their first election, an equal number of judges of the supreme court shall be elected, except in elections to fill vacancies; and whenever the number of such judges shall be increased, the general assembly may authorize such court to organize divisions thereof, not exceeding three, each division to consist of an equal number of judges, for the adjudication of cases, a majority of each division shall constitute a quorum, and such an assignment of the cases to each division may be made as such court may deem expedient, but whenever all the judges, of either division, hearing a case shall not concur as to the judgment to be rendered therein, or whenever a case shall involve the constitutionality of an act of the general assembly or of an act of congress, it shall be reserved to the whole court for adjudication. The judges of the supreme court in office, when this amendment takes effect, shall continue to hold their offices until their successors are elected and qualified.

SECTION 6. The circuit courts shall have like original jurisdiction with the supreme court, and such appellate jurisdiction as may be provided by law. Such courts shall be composed of such number of judges as may be provided by law, and shall be held in each county, at least once in each year. The number of circuits, and the boundaries thereof, shall be prescribed by law. Such judges shall be elected in each circuit by the electors thereof, and at such time and for such term as may be prescribed by law, and the same number shall be elected in each circuit. Each judge shall be competent to exercise his judicial powers in any circuit. The general assembly may change, from time to time, the number or boundaries of the circuits. The circuit courts shall be the successors of the district courts, and all cases, judgments, records, and proceedings pending in said district courts, in the several counties of any district, shall be transferred to the circuit courts in the several counties, and be proceeded in as though said district courts had not been abolished, and the district courts shall continue in existence until the election and qualification of the judges of the circuit courts

And be it further resolved, that at said election, the voters desiring to vote in favor of said amendment, shall have placed upon their ballots, the words, "judicial constitutional amendment, yes," and the voters who do not favor the adoption of said amendment, may place on their ballots the words, "judicial constitutional amendment, no;" and if a majority of all the votes passed [cast] at said election shall be in favor of said amendment, then said sections one, two and six herein set forth, shall be and constitute the sections so amended in said judicial article (four) of the constitution of the State of Ohio, and said original sections one, two and six, and also sections five and eleven of said article, shall be repealed and annulled.

J. N. HATHAWAY,
Speaker pro tem. of the House of Representatives.

R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted March 30, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO.
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 30th day of March, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 30th day of March, A. D. 1883.

[SEAL.] JAMES W. NEWMAN,
Secretary of State.

April 7, 6 mon.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT

TO THE

CONSTITUTION OF OHIO.

Section Eighteen of Schedule.

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 50.

JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing Amendments to the Constitution.

Be it Resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That, at the general election to be held on the second Tuesday of October, 1883, there shall be submitted to the electors for their approval or rejection two propositions to amend the constitution of the State, as follows:

FIRST PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The general assembly shall regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors so as to provide against evils resulting therefrom; and its power to levy taxes or assessments thereon is not limited by any provision of this constitution."

SECOND PROPOSITION.

"The additional section" in and with section eighteen of the schedule shall be repealed, and there shall be substituted for it the following:

"The manufacture of and the traffic in intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage are forever prohibited; and the general assembly shall provide by law for the enforcement of this provision."

The electors voting in favor of the said first proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic—Yes;" and those voting in favor of the said second proposition shall have on their ballots the words, "Prohibition of intoxicating liquors—Yes."

If either of the said two propositions be thus approved by a majority of the electors voting at the said election, then the amendment therein proposed shall constitute a separate section of article fifteen of the constitution.

O. J. HODGE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

R. G. RICHARDS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted April 4, 1883.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO.
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, JAMES W. NEWMAN, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify, that the foregoing is a true copy of a Joint Resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883, as taken from the original rolls filed in this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the great seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, the 4th day of April, A. D., 1883.

[SEAL.] JAMES W. NEWMAN,
Secretary of State.

April 7-6m.

E. T. SPANGLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Coshocton, O.—Office: North of public square, Chestnut Street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

PENSIONS For wound, disease, or other disability. Widows, minor children and dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims reopened, restoration, increase, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply at once, delay prejudices your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents 917 F St. Washington, D. C. WI July 26-tf.

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A Pleasant Day in Muskingum County.

On Tuesday of last week an AGE correspondent had the pleasure of attending a *kingly* picnic over the Muskingum, line given by the King family. Never has it been our lot to participate in anything that gives us more pleasure to chronicle than the reunion of the King family as it is called, and presuming that a short sketch of the festivities would interest AGE readers, we will act over the pleasant scenes of that day. It was the anniversary of George W. King's birthday, and the descendants of his father, Patrick King, and his uncle, Charles King, 112 in number, gave him a grand ovation.

The King family is a remarkable one, all residents of Madison township, Muskingum county, just over the Coshocton line, and with the exception of 5 or 6, all Republicans. They have for fifty years dwelt in harmony on the banks of old Muskingum, and shared in the destinies and hardships of the pioneers of Madison.

The day was spent in speaking, music and dining. The speaking was good, such speakers as Ross Hissey, father and son of Zanesville, Dr. Decker of Adamsville, Lawyer King, of Zanesville, and others being present. Dresden Band furnished the music, and it was well executed. But words will fail to describe the dinner provided by the Kings who had a great many devoted subjects who attacked that dinner with great relish thus saying, "Long live the Kings."

There were 500 people present, yet they were all fed, and 500 more could easily have been accomodated.

Words would fail to do justice to the feast, and we will not attempt it. Hungry throats and empty stomachs alone could do so.

One of the features of the day was the large "corn pone" of ancient design, baked by Mrs. King, and the guests were requested to sample the "pone" and leave thier name in a register provided for that purpose. It was only after the "pone" had begun to show signs of withdrawing his light, that the happy crowd dispersed, bearing pleasing memories of the hospitalities of the Kings, and having the pleasure of adding one more day to the golden days that never return but the once.

Quite a successful birthday party, at which 77 persons participated in a good supper, Sept, 15, was given as a surprise to Wm. Dickerson, near Baughman's School House, in Washing township. Several presents were given, but the one Will thinks most of is a Bible presented by his Sunday School class.

HARMONY HOPELESS.

From the St Louis Globe Democrat

The Democratic papers are all shrieking out for "harmony" in Ohio, but it won't do any good. You might as well try to harmonize a tom-cat and a terrier shut up in a flour barrel. The men who are at the bottom of that fight have personal ends in view to which no party welfare can be made subservient. Foraker will be elected and with him a Republican Legislature.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, R. R. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	50
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	18
Bacon, sides, per pound	10
Beans, per bushel	2 00 to 250
Beeswax, per pound	15
Chickens, per pair, spring	50
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	15
Eggs per dozen	18
Flour per sack	1 55
Flour by Patent Process	1 85
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush	2 50
Potatoes per bushel new	40
Peaches, dried, per pound	6to7
Shoulders per pound	8to8½
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to 7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	$1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	1 00
WHEVT—Per Bushel, new	1 00
CORN—	60
OATS—	35
RYE—	70
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	6 45
Per Sack, XX	1 55
MEAL—Per Bushel	00
BRAN—Per hundred	75
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 50
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 75

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE, by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 168 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1850, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bll, 3 00a3 50 good, 2 75a3 00; medium, 2 00a1 75.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a75c; Apple Jelly, 8a7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 19a21c; "Gilt Edge," 19a20c; Creamery, 21a25c; Choice Roll, 19a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 17a18c; Medium, 9a10c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10a11c; do quarters, 8a7c; Peaches, halves, 6a7c; reddo, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 20a26c; Rasberries, 34a35c; Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 60a65c s Mixed, 55a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, case, 21a21½

HONEY —York State 20 to 25; White Clover 20to23; Buckwheat 18a20.

ONIONS—Onions 100 a125 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live Chickens, 60a65 per pair, according to size; Spring chickens, per pair 50a75.

POTATOES—125 per bush.

RAGS—Cotton, White per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2½c; Woolen, 1-4a½c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 1 50a1 60. Clover, 850a8 75, for small; 8 50a8 75 for large

TALLOW—Country 7a7½c; Beeswax 28a25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 13a1 14; Medium, 1 10a1 15.

CORN—High mixed Shelled, 57a58; Yellow Shelled, 57a58; Ear Corn, 59a60.

OATS—33a34c for white, 29a31c for mixed.

RYE—Choice, 60a 58

BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter 7 50a7 25;; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 50 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 6 00a 5 75; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 25a6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 75a80c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75 8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 25; buckwheat flour 3a3.

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 17 00a 1800; Coarse, do, 15 00a 16 00; Seconds, 1300a13 50;

HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, at 10 7 5a1100 per ton Prime New Loose, 11 00a11 00 Prairie 8 00a8 50

1883 FACTS 1883 FACTS

FALL AND WINTER.

UNDOUBTEDLY

THE

Largest and Finest Stock of

FACTS. SUITS & OVERCOATS, FACTS.

HATS,

AND

Gents Furnishing Goods

Ever seen in Coshocton, are now open at the

FACTS. Standard Clothing Store FACTS.

OF

A. BERKOWITZ.

Having spent six weeks in the careful purchase and Manufacture of these goods I feel confident to defy the competition of the largest Clothing Houses East or West in shapes, quality, fit and Prices for

MEN'S, YOUTH'S, BOYS and CHILDRENS' CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

A. BERKOWITZ,

Norris Block,

Main Street, - - - - Coshocton, Ohio.

BULL DOG!

(Shakespeare.)

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
Bynny other name would smell as sweet."
So Bull Dog might have been as choice
If christened something more æsthetic—
But the wise chewers know they cannot find
By any other name so choice a chew;
Nothing in which the purest sweet doth blend
With the most flavory leaf, which is alone
Produced in its perfection from Kentucky soil.
There, kindly nurtured in the balmy air
And nightly moistened by the falling dew,
Maturity is reached, and so perfection;
'Neath the genial sun of that old commonwealth
The golden leaf gives forth a fragrance;
Hath a rare, richer flavor than is given
To the same plant on other ground;
Yet, culled with care and skill fully assorted,
The choicest only of the perfect leaves
Become a part of that most royal chew,
Which in high favor held is known as Bull Dog
And the name, which to another seems incongruous,
Hath to the chewer now become a synonym
For the most delicious chew which ever yet
Gave solace to the world of chewers—

BULL DOG.

Legal Notice.

George Waggoner, John Waggoner, Junior, and Catherine Waggoner, (married name unknown) who reside at Chancey, Lawrence county, Illinois, Mary A. Stockman residing at Richland, Keokuk county, Iowa, John Waggoner, Senior, residing at Oskaloosa, Mahaska county, Iowa, and Daniel Waggoner, whose residence is unknown, will take notice that on the 1st day of September, A. D., 1883, Sarah Waggoner filed her petition in the Court of Common Pleas, Coshocton county, Ohio, against the above named parties and others, praying for the assignment of dower to plaintiff, as widow of David Waggoner, deceased, in the following described premises to-wit:

Situate in the township of Tuscarawas, county of Coshocton, and State of Ohio, and known as being a part of lot numbered ten lying south of the Cadiz road, running through said lot No. 10, excepting from said part about four acres thereof sold off the east end of said tract, and being and remaining of said lot No. 10 about thirty-one acres, more or less. Also, all of lot No. fifteen, excepting the lands now owned by William G. Hay and the heirs of James Hay, deceased; also excepting therefrom fifty acres sold off the east side of said lot No. 15 by David Waggoner, deceased, to one John Stuckman, and remaining of said lot 15 about one hundred and twenty-one acres, more or less.

Also, the following premises situate in said township, county and State, and described as being the south half of lot number thirteen, excepting therefrom lands conveyed by said David Waggoner, deceased, to J. J. Brewer, Joseph Smith and Emily Brown, and remaining and owned by said deceased one hundred and twelve acres, more or less.

Also, lots ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five and ninety-six in Ricketts addition to the town of Coshocton, Ohio, as the same is marked and delineated on the plat of said town.

Said parties are required to answer on or before the 27th day of October, A. D., 1883, at which time an order to assign dower as prayed for in the petition will be taken.

SARAH WAGGONER,
J. M. Compton, Att'y. for Plaintiff

Sep8 6t.

THE GEO. WOODS' Pianos AND Organs

Are the finest in TONE,
Are the finest in Design,
Are the finest in Workmanship.

SEND for CATALOGUE WITH MUSIC FREE

Geo. Woods' Company,
608 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

DAVE & IKE

DAVE & IKE.

Seize this Golden Opportunity.
Notice the Time.
Mark the Place.

Was there ever such a chance to secure genuine bargains before? Beginning to-day and to continue until October 1st, we will conduct a grand and bonafide "Special Sale" of every article in our vast emporium, comprising positively the largest line of

Men's Youths', Boys' and Children's

CLOTHING

the handsomest line of Gents Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks and Valises ever offered to purchasers in this section of the State. The Goods must and will be sold before we remove to our new store in the Forbes Block. You can not afford to and must not miss this grand chance to secure these wonderful bargains.

DAVE & IKE.

DAVE & IKE,

CITY HALL CLOTHIERS,

COSHOCTON, OHIO.

THE COSHOCTON COUNTY FAIR

FOR 1883.

Thirty-Second Annual Exhibition,

OF THE

COUNTY FAIR

Will be held at Coshocton,

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,

Oct. 9, 10, 11 and 12.

$3,000 IN PREMIUMS.

The Coshocton County Fair of 1883 will eclipse all previous years in the number, variety and importance of its attractions. Its facilities for Stock, Agriculture and Mechanical Exhibitions are unequaled. Its Half Mile Track has been greatly improved and is now unsurpassed in the State for all Speed Contests.

Floral and Art Halls will be under the supervision of competent Persons, and will be finer than ever.

Excursion rates can be obtained upon the Pan-Handle and Connotton Valley Railroads.

For List of Premiums and Regulations Address,
L. W. POCOCK, Sec'y. LEWIS DEMOSS, Pres't.

$18,000 WORTH OF DRY-GOODS

AND

CARPETS

To sell before moving into our new Store Room.

SELBY, MOORE & CATON,

(Successors to E. O. Selby and Moore & Caton.)

We now have all our goods together in Selby's store room, and find there is about $18,000 worth. This is a big lot of goods to sell out in a few weeks, and in order to make them go we will have to make some big reductions in prices. This we propose to do. We will sell you goods now 10 to 25 per cent. cheaper than you can buy them elsewhere. 500 Remnants best Calicos 5 cts. per yard. 5,000 yds good Calicos 3 cts. per yard. Now is your time to buy your comforts. Big reductions in Muslins, Table Linens, Towels, Dress Goods, etc., in fact we have reduced prices on nearly everything in the Dry Goods and Carpet line for thirty days or until we get into our new store room in the Forbes Block. Come and see us. It will pay you.

Very Respectfully,

SELBY, MOORE & CATON.

WORTH SENDING FOR!

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